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THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
**DR. DODIMUS DUCKWORTH, A. M. Q.**

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE HISTORY OF  
A STEAM DOCTOR.

*Illustrations.*  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YANKEE AMONG THE NULLIFIERS."

*Finemque vident in funere morbi.—Ov. Met.*

—  
**NEW YORK.**  
PUBLISHED BY PETER HILL, 94 BROADWAY.  
1833.

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## EPISTLE PREFATORY.

TO

JOHN CONN, D. D., OF TOPPINGTOWN.

REVEREND SIR,

I herewith transmit you a copy of THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF DOCTOR DUCKWORTH, which I beg you will accept as a small testimony of my esteem ; and I do this the rather, because, though an octogenarian and a clergyman, you are neither too old nor too grave to laugh at the follies and mistakes of mankind, in whatever station or condition of life they may be found. I have a still further motive : You are among the very few remaining persons, who were thoroughly acquainted with the subject of these memoirs. You knew him from his early childhood ; you were conversant with his peculiarities, both of mind and manners ; you had occasion to see much of him, both as a practitioner of medicine and a man—being often, as in duty bound, at the bedside of the sick, administering comfort

and consolation, when the physician could neither banish pain nor stay the hand of death.

How far I have succeeded in giving a faithful and true history of Doctor Duckworth, you are the best judge. I commend the work to your particular notice ; and whatever your opinion may be of its execution, I beg leave, in a very especial manner to acknowledge my obligations to you for sundry particulars relating to the same ; which particulars, but for you, I am persuaded I should never have obtained, at least in that authentic manner in which I now flatter myself I am enabled to lay them before the public.

I have, as you will perceive, dwelt longer upon the parentage and childhood of Duckworth, than is customary with most writers on similar subjects ; and I have done so, because I am convinced that these matters have in general been much too lightly passed over : inasmuch as it is the parents that give character to the child, and the child that gives character to the man. The foundation is early laid ; and whatever the man afterwards becomes, is in general owing to what the child now is. To use

the words of Master Pope, whose writings you and all judicious persons so much admire,

“Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined;”

and if the sturdy oak, as is often the case, appears with a crooked trunk, it must have been owing to the bent it received while as yet the merest sapling, and not to any effect wrought upon it in its more mature years.

I have another reason for having dwelt so long on the early life of my subject—namely, that I could not think the history of that period would by any means be found the least interesting part of my work—being, as it is, diversified with a great variety of incidents, and such as do not happen in the childhood of every man, however distinguished he may afterwards become.

The early days of Doctor Johnson have not been altogether so lightly passed over, by the immortal Bozzy, as those of most other great men whose lives have been written; and who does not perceive that it is entirely owing to the faithfulness of this very minute biographer, that we have the following well-known and incomparable specimen of the precocity of the great mo-

ralist and giant of literature —indited when he was three years of age, to commemorate the demise of an unfortunate duckling, the breath of whose life had been accidentally crushed out by the foot of the infant poet:

“ Here lies good Master Duck,  
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on ;  
If it had lived, it had been *good luck*,  
For then we’d had an *odd one*.”

Which epitaph plainly shows not only a remarkable poetic instinct in the child ; but also that precocious wisdom, which teaches, that every brood of ducks, as they value life and limb, health and prosperity, must avoid the unlucky circumstance of an *even number*.

But to return to the subject of my book. I hope, Reverend Sir, you will excuse me for having introduced your name into the body of the work. I could not otherwise, as you must be aware, have well illustrated the character of Doctor Duckworth. As in painting any given object, the surrounding figures are oftentimes necessary for illustration ; so, in biography, no man, whose life is worth writing, is found to stand so entirely *alone* that his history can be given without at the same time glancing, in a greater or

less degree, at the histories of those around him. This is indeed a matter of no little delicacy, where, as in your case, the biographer has to speak of living characters; and it is not uncommon in such cases to omit the names, and in the room thereof merely insert a — or a string of \* \* \*. But, inasmuch as this mode is exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory; and inasmuch as neither dashing nor starring is accordant with your venerable age, your retiring disposition, or your sacred cloth; and inasmuch, especially, as your name can never be mentioned to your disadvantage: I persuade myself you will excuse me the more readily for the liberty I have taken in writing it in full.

I remember with great pleasure the happiness I enjoyed in your society, while sojourning for several weeks in Topping-town. How often have we lingered around the scenes where Doctor Duckworth figured in all his glory. How often have we entered the church-yard, at the little gate near the stone horse-block, and close by the stocks, the very sight of which was wont to make Sabbath-breakers and other delinquents tremble. How often have we ex-

perienced a feeling of awe, as we threaded our way among the numerous graves, over-topped by the long grass, and bounded at each end with slate-stone. How often have we pondered over the edifying inscriptions, and admired the chubby faces of the little cherubs sculptured above them. How often, in a particular manner, have we paused before the monuments of Doctors, Whistlewind and Duckworth, who, as if in mockery of their sometime rivalry, have been laid side by side ; each being provided with an exceedingly tall stone, but that of Duckworth towering above his great rival's full two inches. How often have we pondered upon the inscription of the former, and started sundry very shrewd conjectures as to the precise meaning of the title of "*A. N. Q.*" affixed to his name, without ever being able to say positively that we had come to the right conclusion. How often have we — but it is unnecessary to multiply instances.

You will recollect how I expressed my wonder, that Doctor Duckworth, albeit so renowned as he was in Toppingtown, Crincumpaw, and the neighboring parishes ; and albeit that he had for more than

thirty years been gathered to the community of his patients, as his epitaph expresses it—should not after all have found a biographer. More especially did I marvel at this, when I reflected how the world was filled with the histories of love-sick girls and unfledged gentlemen, who as yet had done little or nothing to recommend them to the notice of the historian. Then it was, that I resolved with my own pen, all unskilled as it was, to undertake, for the memory of an extraordinary man, what others, however competent to the task, had neglected to perform.

In hinting that Doctor Duckworth was an extraordinary man, I would, however, by no means express the idea that he had not his counterpart in the world; nor would I have it understood, that I think New-England only is capable of producing such specimens of medical and surgical ability. The very supposition would, I am persuaded, be unjust to the other States, and to the world in general: for though, in the wonderful variety of creation, there be no two persons or things in every respect precisely alike; nevertheless I fully believe there are and have been, in

various parts of the world, sundry doctors scarcely a whit behind the subject of these memoirs, either in classical knowledge, professional skill, or general popularity.

In **THE HISTORY OF A STEAM DOCTOR**, which I have added to the main work, you will doubtless feel less interested than in that of your old acquaintance, Doctor Duckworth. Nevertheless, I trust that you will not think the concise sketch of one of a race of doctors, that may be accounted among the remarkable products of the present century, is hereto improperly added. It could not, like the sketches of the Natural Bone-setter, the Root Doctor, and the Cancer Curer, be combined with the history of Duckworth: because that distinguished man, alas ! had embarked for another world before Doctor Fumigo had landed on the shores of this: Besides, as they figured in quite different parts of the country, the unity of place, any more than of time, could not have been preserved by bringing them both at once on the stage. I have therefore been fain to place Doctor Fumigo, as it were, in a postscript to the main body of my work.

**And now, Reverend Sir, in once more**

looking back to the time I spent in Toppingtown, I have only to repeat how greatly I am indebted to your hospitality, to your many social virtues, and to your intelligence. My compliments attend MRS. CONN, the best of wives, and one of the best of Christians. I shall never forget the kind solicitude with which she endeavored to alleviate a jumping tooth-ache, that I was so unfortunate as to be afflicted withal, one day at your house; nor the clear, strong, and well-creamed coffee, with which she was wont every morning to regale my appetite and renovate my spirits. That she may live a thousand years, and that you may survive to write her epitaph, is, Reverend Sir, the sincere wish of

Your very obliged,  
very devoted,  
and very humble  
servant,

THE AUTHOR.

NEW-YORK, }  
JUNE 1, 1833. }

## CHAPTER I.

*Introduction—Prescriptive mode of treating a Subject—What belongs to the Warrior—and what to the Wit—Curiosity of the Reader—National Origin of the Duckworth Family—Derivation of the Name—Pumpkin Pies—Ancestry—Fixed Habits of the Family—Their Mode of Farming—The Dwelling House—The Kitchen and its Furniture—The Parlor and Dillo.*

IT is not unfrequently observed by authors, in commencing an account of the lives of distinguished men, that little is known of their birth, parentage or early years ; and the little, which is recorded, depends so much on tradition and vague report, that the public are as likely to obtain the early life of any other person, as of the proposed subject of the biography.

There seem to be certain qualities and characteristics attached, as it were by prescriptive right, to each subject—which must not under any circumstances be wanting. Thus, if he be a warrior, he must in his childhood, if not in his very infancy, have achieved a great many remarkable exploits ; must have attacked and vanquished boys of twice his age ; must have protected the weaker and overthrown the stronger of his playmates ; must have regarded a bloody nose no more than he would have done a straw ; and finally must have

performed in his single person all the daring and heroic actions of a puerile nature, which have taken place within the memory of man, and do not happen to be already appropriated by some more fortunate individual. Is he a wit, then many notable instances of his infantile smartness and early genius are recollected and recorded—a great part of which he never heard of, and which, many of them, have been struck from a skull much thicker than his own. Such is the disposition of writers to make every part of the life of a hero, heroical; and every part of the life of a wit, witty. Hence we find ascribed to the wise Franklin remarkable sayings which he never thought of, and to the immortal Hercules exploits which he never performed.

The history of the early life of Doctor Duckworth rests on a better foundation than that of vague and uncertain tradition; and in this respect I consider myself peculiarly fortunate as his biographer, inasmuch as I shall not be obliged to eke out a meager account with the shreds of fancy, nor patch it up with circumstances borrowed from the lives of those whose history stands more in need of them.

In reading accounts of the actions of those who stand high on the ladder of fame, we feel a natural curiosity to be acquainted with the history of their childhood; to become as it were a spectator of their amusements; to attend them at school and *observe them at home*; to witness the opening

buds of genius, or the dawning spirit of heroism ; to enter into their childish joys, and take a sympathetic part in their early griefs and troubles ; nay, even to enter the nursery with them, and learn by what process little weak infants are formed to mighty heroes ; and puling brats are nurtured up to poets, orators and statesmen—whether it be owing to the tightness wherewith they are bandaged, to the nauseous liquids their nurses compel them to drink, or the strong water with which their heads are daily drenched. Having gone thus far, we feel a still farther curiosity, and wish to know something of their birth, parentage and pedigree.

Various conjectures have been started as to the national origin of the Duckworths. The countries, from which certain families are derived, may very often be traced by the beginning or the termination of their names. Thus *Van* betrays the Dutchman; *De La*, the Frenchman; *Mac*, the Scotchman; and *Ap*, the Welchman. But the name of Duckworth, having none of these expletives, its derivation cannot be traced in a similar manner.

Some persons have puzzled their brain in endeavoring to trace the etymology of the name of Duckworth. And as most names were originally derived from some circumstance in the life, or peculiarity in the person of the first ancestor ; so these curious persons have exhausted their ingenuity in trying to imagine what that circumstance

or peculiarity could have been in the life or the person of the first of the Duckworths. Some suppose that he excelled in *duck-ing* or diving, either to bring up lost articles from the bottom of the sea, or to escape the notice of an impertinent creditor. Others again suppose that he was a mischievous troublesome sort of a fellow, who was worthy of being ducked—or, as his neighbors expressed it, *duckworth-y*.

But these idle conjectures may go for what they are worth. One thing is certain—the subject of this biography is of real bona fide English descent. His ancestors came over with the first settlers of New England; and were naturally as great lovers of roast beef and brown ale, as ever a son of John Bull on the other side of the water. This propensity to the good things of life met with some severe checks, during the first years of a new settlement, from the difficulty of obtaining the wherewithal to gratify it; as well likewise as from the austere nature of a self-denying religion. But the ancestors of Duckworth were no frog-eating, sourcrount-making, buttermilk-swilling sort of people; and would rather have fasted three days in a week, than have lived on aught except true orthodox old English eatables. But with the sweet yellow pumpkin, skilfully prepared for the table, and the glorious hasty-pudding, swimming in molasses, they pretty soon contrived to make amends for the scarcity of other dainties.

*In relation to the former of these articles, I beg*

the reader will indulge me in one moment's reflection ; and if he be a native of New England, I am sure I shall not appeal in vain. Methinks I see, at this very moment, a goodly row of fine ripe pumpkins, the seeds nicely scooped out, all ready for the oven. Methinks I hear them hissing and sputtering as they bake ; and listen with delighted anticipation of the moment when they shall be placed brown as a chestnut on the table, and invite irresistibly to fill the inside with milk and revel on the contents. And then the pumpkin pie—what ambrosial fare for a Yankee! What a broad smiling face ! Pies were then baked on noble platters, instead of the contracted plates of these degenerate days. Methinks I behold them divided into quadrants, or segments of a circle, the radius of which is nothing short of a foot—and for the convenient handling of one of which segments both hands of the guest were absolutely required. In those days of honest simplicity, each person took his pie in his hands ; and the interpolation of plate, knife and fork did not come between the guest and his enjoyment, as in these ceremonious days of unsubstantial superfluities. But ah ! those times are fled. *Fuit Ilium.*

The ancestors of Duckworth, were, from the earliest times, cultivators of the earth. His more immediate progenitors, belonged to that middling class of farmers, which even to the present day form so large a part of the population of New-England ; and who require no small share of in-

dustry and economy to make "both ends of the year meet." The family were not, however, like the generality of Yankees, remarkable for their enterprise; or in the least distinguished for their roving disposition. On the contrary, as if rooted to the soil, they had continued in the same neighborhood, if not on the same farm, from generation to generation. They set their faces strenuously against any innovation in their modes of life, or the management of their land. They invariably ploughed the same fields that their fathers had ploughed before them; and cultivated the same sorts of grain and vegetables which had been raised by the family time out of mind. Certain fields had been planted with Indian corn every other year, at the last hoeing of which, rye was invariably sown among the hills, to be reaped the following season. Apples were gathered by the sons from the same trees which had yielded them to their sires; and those trees might be seen—nay, may be seen to this day—with their aged trunks begirt with tar, as a wall of circumvallation against those destroyers, the caterpillars; and their once fruitful tops intermixed with dead branches, which being allowed to remain with the living ones, forcibly remind the classic reader of the dead and living bodies of men, which that tyrant of his species, and contemner of the gods, Mezentius, fastened together.

The family dwelling, a house with an imposing *front of two stories*, but dwindling into one be-

hind, might be seen with the clapboards dangling by one end ; the shingles, such of them as still adhered to the roof, covered over with moss on the north side, and weatherworn nearly through on the south ; while here and there an old hat or pair of breeches maintained divided empire with the wind and storm, as they occupied those parts of the windows which were no longer supplied with glass. And one would have thought, from the appearance, that the dwellers considered it a crime to repair the injuries of time, accident, or the weather.

The inside of the house bore the like marks of venerable antiquity and unabated respect to former times. The walls and ceiling, which had never known the touch of trowel, as in the plastering fashion of modern times, appeared with their timbers thoroughly embrowned with the smoke of ages. The large open chimney—a sort of hermaphrodite, the upper part of brick and the lower part of stone—would have permitted a dozen sweeps to ascend it at the same time, without jostling one another in the least ; while the fire place was so broad, that the whole family of bipeds, together with the old house dog, an overgrown tom-cat, and the dye-pot could be accommodated in one corner of it, without encroaching at all upon the large fire, which on a winter's day burned briskly in the other. A settle, spacious enough to hold half a dozen people, was placed on the side next the entry door, and served the double purpose of

keeping off the wind and of furnishing a comfortable seat. To the joists were attached various iron hooks, on which lines and poles were appended; and hanging on these, might be seen shirts and stockings, smoked beef, hams of bacon, and dried rings of pumpkin; while on one of the beams, resting on two wooden hooks, hung an old rusty fire-arm, which had done good service against the bears, wolves, and Indians.

This is a birds-eye view of the kitchen. The parlor was a grade more tasty. The walls were covered with planed boards, though the joists were naked like those of the kitchen. A looking glass, ten by twelve, was suspended on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that persons of every height might see their faces in it, to the manifest danger of breaking their necks. Just beneath the looking glass was a paper comb-case, flanked with two holders of gay party colored patchwork made for show; while over the mantle-piece was a family record, or genealogical tree, covered over with oranges, or apples—on this point history is not decisive—on each of which was carefully written the name, birth, marriage, and death of some one of the family. In one corner of the room stood a spare bed, covered with a curious patchwork quilt, and overhung with gay testers. In another corner was a large arm-chair, neatly cushioned for the especial accommodation of the parson of the town in his parochial visits, or in *case of a wedding.*

## CHAPTER II.

*Offices in Church and Town—Devout Observances of the Duckworth Family—Remarkable Customs and Notions—Consumptive Hearts—Fatal Premonitions—Fixed Belief of the Family—Matrimony—Means of attaining to that Blessed State—Enactment of Charms—Quillings and Huskings—Adulteration of Seed-Corn—Dread of Celibacy.*

THE successive heads of the Duckworth family were devout men in their day and generation, and generally held some office wherein good morals or religion were concerned: such as that of deacon of the church, or tithingman of the town. The latter was rather an office of honor than emolument; and, yet, more fruitful in vexation than in either. For even in those days of good order and devout observance of the Sabbath, many people did not relish the idea of being watched; and there were not wanting certain ungodly and mischievous persons who would walk according to their own pleasure, if it were merely for the sake of giving displeasure to the tithingman. And it is related that one of the Duckworths, who held the office both of tithingman and deacon, was for the most part so busily employed in looking out for Sabbath-breakers, that he had no time left for his religious duties, and the communion table.

actually suffered by his absence. But this was by no means peculiar to Deacon Duckworth, or to the tithingmen, or other persons of that age or section of the country; for many another man, even in our own times and apart from that land of sobriety, has been so zealously engaged in striving to enforce upon others the duties of the Sabbath, that he has lamentably forgotten his own. But in relation to Deacon Duckworth, it being obvious that he could not attend strictly to the duties of both his offices, he was therefore advised to resign one; and as he had become by this time thoroughly satisfied with the honors of the tithingman's office, he did not hesitate to relinquish that, and stick to the more comfortable one of the deaconship.

Each of the successive heads of the Duckworth family adhered firmly to the good old customs of his forefathers—as far as circumstances would allow—both in respect to family worship, the rigid observance of the Sabbath, the keeping of Fasts and Thanksgivings, and the invariable attendance on all religious meetings. Sunday was always commenced on Saturday night at the setting of the sun; when all worldly matters were scrupulously laid aside; when the door was suddenly flung in the face of all carnal thoughts and desires, and only open to devout feelings and holy contemplations. Nothing was then read but the Bible and psalm book; and nothing was talked of but *faith and repentance, saints and sermons, sinners and Satan.*

The Sabbath was kept in like manner, with the addition of going to church ; and ended, as it had begun the night before, with the going down of the sun. Then it was no longer Sabbath ; and while the old people welcomed back the cares and concerns of the world, the young ones were at liberty to engage in such amusements as were not incompatible with the religious character of the family, and the reputation of orderly citizens. But that night was more particularly devoted to the affairs of the heart, and was held sacred to the God of Love. Then lovers went a wooing, and young women stayed at home for the purpose of being wooed. Then the spruce young fellow, in his Sunday's best, was anxiously expected by the lovely damsel in her gayest attire. These were the blissful hours of life ; and many a lover and his mistress have devoutly wished that every day might be Sunday for the sake of the happy evening with which it closed.

By the way I should observe here, that the sketch I have given of the Sunday observances of the Duckworth family, is but a common picture of the times in which they lived ; and, even to this day, will serve with a little alteration in the coloring, for those parts of New-England in which the primitive observances of the Sabbath have been most strictly maintained. There is however one custom which I have not mentioned, and which many a man now living will not easily forget—I mean that of abstaining from dinner on a Sunday.

It is common to the country people of this age as well as to the one of which I am writing ; and constitutes a sort of hebdomadal fast, which, should a man refuse to observe, he would be inevitably placed on the list of the reprobate.

But besides these Sunday fasts, which were strictly observed by the Duckworth family—always making up, however, in the supper and breakfast for the loss of the dinner—there was the **Yearly Fast**, which was more exactly maintained, and in which the deficiencies of one meal were not allowed to be made up by the superfluities of the others. That was emphatically a day of penance, and the sins of the soul were to be amply atoned for by the starvation of the body. I will not positively assert but what this starvation was fully counterbalanced by the good things of the coming week ; nor is it my business to inquire into these little accounts, kept pro and con between the stomach and the conscience. But if the Duckworth family were exact in the observance of the annual fast, they were no less so in that of the **Yearly Thanksgiving**. The sparerib was never known to be wanting on that day ; and the mince and the pumpkin pies succeeded as certainly to the sparerib, as the frolic and the dance did to the pies.

Nor were they exact only in the observance of particular days and of religious ceremonies. There were a great many exceedingly curious and venerable customs, maxims and notions, re-

pecting to worldly prudence, which were as strictly regarded by the family as the ten commandments. One of these was never to commence any business of importance on a Friday, as being an unlucky day; though I do not find that they ever abstained from eating on that day for fear of being choked. Another was an invariable rule of dining upon codfish and potatoes every Saturday, sick or well, guests or no guests. A third was never to kill their hogs without first consulting the almanac to find out the state of the moon and of the tide; for the new of the moon and the rising of the tide, at the time the animal was slaughtered, were certain to make the pork swell in the pot; while, on the other hand, the waning of the moon and the ebbing of the tide would make it shrink to half its size in boiling. Another of their notions was, that turnips, onions, and all manner of bulbous roots, would be utterly destitute of bottoms, if not sown in the old of the moon; and that beans, pease, and all such articles as gave their fruit above ground, would be equally destitute of tops, unless they were planted in the new of the moon.

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The family believed that the hearts of those who died of consumption were continually drawing the blood from the hearts of their surviving relatives, until they also descended to the grave by the same wasting disease; and this belief was of course confirmed by the fact, that many individuals of the same family were successively

swept away by the same complaint. In such cases, they reasoned, the only cure would be in putting a stop to the bloodthirstiness of the buried hearts ; and hence they believed in the efficacy of disinterring the bodies of their departed friends, extracting the heart and consuming it in the fire. And when this was done, they averred that the organ of life was even found fresh and full of warm blood, though the body which contained it had for years lain in the grave, and had even mouldered to its original dust. They also had a great many curious notions respecting the management of diseases in general, which they would much sooner have died than departed from.

There was a belief generally in the family, that no person ever died without a supernatural warning, given either to himself, his relatives, or his friends. Accordingly whenever any one of the family was indisposed, unusual sights and noises were expected with the most anxious solicitude ; and indeed were seldom wanting. And when they happened, there was no lack of persons ready to communicate them, or translate their meaning, to their sick friends, and thus in some instances to hasten on the fatal catastrophe. But if the patient, as he generally did, survived the terrors of the premonition, the faith of the family in ghostly appearances was not in the least shaken. Indeed there was one remarkable disposition in *the Duckworth family*—never to give up a be-

lief, though proved to be groundless; never to relinquish a custom, though found to be absurd; and never to reject a maxim, though discovered to be false and ridiculous. From their pious devotion to these things, one would imagine they considered them as so many keepsakes, and no more to be disposed of than a ring which is the gift of a dear friend, or dearer lover, and bears the posy of—*Remember me.*

There had been from time immemorial a custom in the Duckworth family, for the sons to marry at one particular time of life, which was at the age of twenty-one, or thereabouts. As for the daughters, they married whenever they could get them husbands, be it sooner or later; and such was their dread of dying in a state of celibacy, that they left no means untried to secure them against so dreadful an event. Not only did they array themselves in their best attire and put on their brightest bloom on the Lord's day, and whenever and wherever they were likely to meet with the young fellows; but so solicitous were they about the event, that they were in the habit of “trying tricks,” as they called them, to ascertain beforehand what was to be their future condition—whether they were ever to be married, how long first, and what sort of husbands they were likely to obtain.

These tricks or charms were of various kinds, such as the naming of apples; the placing the *parings* over the door, to see what young man would

first enter beneath them ; or tossing the same over their heads, to see what letter they would form in lighting on the floor—when if, as very frequently happened, the paring presented the form of an S, it was supposed to be a favorable omen, betokening that their marriage would be *soon*. But whatever form it presented, their hopes were ever ready to make the best of it, and to believe the omen fortunate.

The sleeping with a bit of wedding cake under their heads, being in like manner a custom of the present age, I pass by, merely observing that they took no little pains to procure fresh supplies from all practicable sources, partly by getting themselves invited to as many weddings as they could, and partly by laying in with their female acquaintance to send them a specimen of the all-important cake, where they were not so fortunate as to procure an invitation. But there was another species of cake which was deemed more efficacious, and its results more decisive—I mean the famous salted cake, which, being eaten on going to bed, caused the anxious maiden to dream of her future lord—who appeared to her in the vision, and gallantly brought her water to quench the thirst which never failed to arise from the salted cake.

Another of these charms consisted in the boiling of rusty iron, with certain liquid mixtures, when the figure of the future spouse was supposed to arise from the steam, and exhibit himself in bodily

ly shape to the eyes of the anxious damsel. But this experiment was deemed somewhat hazardous, for it is said his majesty, the Prince of Darkness, on one occasion rose from the steam, and clambering up the side of the kettle, very nearly played the devil with the wits of the fair one who had unintentionally raised him.

I will mention but one charm more, which being considered of somewhat doubtful morality, was seldom tried except in the last resort ; but, when successful, never failed to bring a husband. The girl chose out a fair apple, wrote her name on the rind, and uttering certain mysterious words, went to bed backwards, at the same time placing the apple under her pillow. On awaking after the first nap, the prophetic apple was seized and flung on the floor. If the experiment proved successful, the name of the destined husband was found in the morning written on the apple beneath that of the lady ; and the light hearted damsel tripped down stairs, full of the most pleasing anticipations, and sang from morning till night to the buzzing of her wheel, which never appeared at all musical until that day. But if the important name was not found on the apple, she was apt to harbor a doleful presentiment that she must wear the willow in this world and lead apes in the other ; or, what in those days was more commonly apprehended, sit behind the door and mend the small-clothes of the old bachelors.

*This dreadful foreboding, however, did not pre-*  
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vented the females of the Duckworth family from using all sorts of feasible means to attain what they were taught to consider as the sole end of their being—to wit, the holy condition of matrimony. For this purpose nothing was omitted which might be attempted by quilting matches and husking bouts. It was indeed the custom of the family to get up a quilting as often at least as once a year ; and oftener, if it so happened that they had several girls to dispose of ; and oftener still, if these same girls were not of the most marketable description, or were likely to lie heavy on their hands. An annual husking was invariably made, by which the family stock of virginity had a still further opportunity of meeting with a favorable disposal.

There were likewise other chances of showing their valuable points to the best advantage, by attending the quiltings and huskings of their neighbors. At the former, it is true, the young men did not attend till evening ; but then the quilt being quilted out, and the old people considerably retiring, there was no obstruction to the pleasant games of blind-man's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, break-the-Pope's-neck, change-partners, hull-gull, forfeits, and the like—which games never failed to put a bloom on the cheeks of the lasses, and gave them many an opportunity to shoot the killing glance, to wreath the enchanting smile, to speak the encouraging word, and to exchange the accidental squeeze of the hand. Then there were

forfeits to be redeemed ; and the most usual ransom was a kiss. On such occasions it was easy for the maiden, who had a young fellow in her eye, to present her lips instead of her cheek to the manly bussers of the engaging youth.

At the huskings of those unsophisticated and happy days, the females assisted as well as the males ; and there was a law (blessed be the legislator that made it !) by which every woman, who husked a red ear of corn, was liable to receive a kiss from all the men ; and every man, who husked a red ear, was entitled to a kiss from all the women. It was curious sometimes to mark how much pains a sly rogue of a girl would take to let the youngsters know she had found a red ear, by attempting to hide it—in which act, if she was detected—as she was sure to be—the law imposed a double fine, or the penalty of being twice kissed by all the males. In seating themselves at the pile of corn, it would some how or other generally happen, that the young women accidentally got seats beside their favorite swains. That this accident should happen so uniformly, was not a little puzzling to certain grave and sober people, who could never fairly see through the crooks and turns of love. But whatever may have been the cause, the fact is precisely as I have stated.

There was a report current in those happy husking days, that the daughters of the farmers *not unfrequently adulterated the seed-corn, slyly*

mixing with the yellow a larger proportion of the red, than was agreeable to the taste of their more sedate papas. What credit may be due to this report, I am unable to decide at this late day ; but shrewdly suspect, and indeed, for the honor of gallantry, cannot help thinking, that the young men rather than the maidens were the principal propagators of red corn.

I have already mentioned that the females of the Duckworth family used all feasible means of attaining what they considered as the chief end of their being, namely, the holy condition of matrimony. If these exertions proved unsuccessful, and any of them found themselves drawing near the dreadful state of old-maidism, they never failed of doubling their diligence to escape it ; and like a bad swimmer who sinks by struggling to keep himself above water, they oftentimes defeated their own purposes. But the idea of marriage was never to be given up while life remained ; they would rather die a thousand deaths by the cruelty, neglect or brutality, of that thing called a husband, than live quietly in a state of single blessedness. For so disgraceful, in their opinion, was the state of celibacy, that if they could not embark on the sea of matrimony in a good ship, they would accept of a birth in a bad one, even though they were sure of going to the bottom for their pains.

## CHAPTER III.

*Early Courtship, or Sparking—A Marrying Race—A Philosophic Maxim in regard to Choosing a Wife—Anecdote of Molly Blossom—Marriage of Mr. Daniel Duckworth the Twentieth—A Consequence thereof—Strange and Troublesome Desires of Mrs. Duckworth—The Parson’s Parrot—The Twelfth Orange—The Mouthful of a Husband’s Nose.*

I have said that the sons of the Duckworth family generally took them wives at about the age of twenty-one years. Courtship was usually commenced about three years previous to this time, viz., at the age of eighteen. Then the spruce young Duckworth, feeling himself almost if not quite a man, and taking special note of the down on his chin, sallied forth for the purpose of wife-errantry—or, as it was usually called, on a “sparkling” expedition. And if any one happened to be tardy in this business; and through coldness, irresolution, or want of confidence, delayed the commencement of courting till the middle or close of the nineteenth year, he was accounted a degenerate son; the young men teased him for his want of spunk; the lasses simpered at his faint-heartedness; and the compassionate neighbors guessed he would be an old bachelor. Hence it required about as much courage to be a coward.

in matters relating to the softer sex, as to be a brave fellow. And here I may take occasion to observe, that cowardice has driven many a man to marry as well as to fight ; and that the hymeneal, as well as the duelling register, records many an engagement from this sole cause.

This early commencement of sparkling, so much in vogue among the Duckworths, not only initiated the young candidate for matrimony into the important business of courtship ; but allowed considerable lea way, in case the first attempt proved unsuccessful. For the young Duckworths were not like some other young men, who being unfortunate in their first trial, resign themselves to celibacy ; and, like petulant children, quarrel with their bread and butter, because they cannot have a particular slice which they had fixed their hearts upon. No ; though a plain family, there was one really philosophic maxim among them—to wit, That there was as good fish in the sea as ever was caught ; and that if a man could not catch a shad, he should be content with an old-wife.

Acting upon this principle, no one of the Duckworth family was ever known to shoot, hang, or drown himself for love. They were emphatically a marrying race ; and piously obeyed the command, as far as they were able, to “ multiply, and replenish the earth.” Accordingly if any of them chanced to meet with a foul rebuff from a fair *damsel*—or, to speak in the language of Cupid’s

dictionary, “got the bag”—what did he do? Why, he behaved like a man of spirit—he flung the bag in her face; and to show his indifference, went the self-same night to see some kinder maiden among her acquaintance.

An anecdote is on record respecting one of the young Duckworths, which tends in some measure to illustrate the truly philosophic principle of which I have been speaking. There lived in the neighborhood a handsome but proud lass, by the name of Molly Blossom. The fair face of this Molly had caused a strange sensation about the heart of the young Duckworth; and with the true family spunk in love matters, he did not hesitate to pop the question, which has made many a stout heart flutter—viz, whether she would “stay with him.” Relying on her beauty for a grander match, she curled her disdainful lip and replied—

“Stay with *you*! Dan Duckworth? Who do you take me for?”

“Molly Blossom, to be sure.”

“So I am—and I’d have you to know, that Molly Blossom is not to be staid with by every low-bred feller that chooses to ax her.”

This was truly a damper, and for a moment caused all the blood in the lover’s body to retreat to his heart. But the effect was momentary, for soon recovering his self-complacency, he said, with great apparent indifference—

“What a fool you are, Moll! You don’t know what’s good for you. It’s no concern of mine,

whether I stay with you or not ; it was altogether for your good that I axed you. As for me, “*Dan*” Duckworth, in a few years more or less, I shall be *Deacon* Duckworth ; and then what will you be ? Nothing but plain Moll Blossom !”

And in this instance the ancestor of Doctor Duckworth spoke prophetically. The gay flower, while disdaining to be plucked by vulgar hands, withered on the parent stem. Molly Blossom died an old maid, after having seen the despised “*Dan*” the husband of three wives and the head Deacon of his church.

Daniel Duckworth, the father of the subject of these memoirs, agreeably to the custom of his ancestors, took a helpmeet at about the usual age of twenty-one years. Elizabeth Sheldrake, who was something like seven years his senior, had the honor of becoming the partner of his bed, and the glory of giving birth to the subject of this history. By what steps she arrived at this enviable distinction, it may be worth while to inquire ; particularly, as every thing relating to renowned men, even through the medium of their connexions, is interesting to the reader.

Elizabeth Sheldrake had been in her nineteenth year for the period of nearly ten years ; and Daniel Duckworth had met with some rather mortifying defeats in his wooing expeditions. These circumstances paved the way for a connexion, which otherwise might not have taken place. It is true he was still a young man ; and the world, full of

younger damsels, was all before him. But repeated ill success is apt to destroy a man's confidence in himself; and the refusal of one woman often leads to that of another, because the second will not "take up with the leavings" of the first. At all events, Daniel felt rather sore about the precordia; and Elizabeth saw, or thought she saw, the dreadful form of old-maidism staring her full in the face; wrinkled, disconsolate, and peevish; the ghost of departed hopes and withered joys.

Daniel was determined on a wife, and that suddenly; and Elizabeth seemed kindly disposed to smoothe for him, as much as possible, the asperities of an incipient courtship. It is even rumored, that she made some signals of surrender before she was fairly summoned. However this may be, certain it is, that she did not sustain a very long siege. In less than six weeks from the first attack, she had promised to "love, honor and obey" the young Mr. Daniel Duckworth.

How far she held herself bound by this promise, will appear in the sequel. She had got a husband, which was (nominally) the first article in her catalogue of household matters. She was now a wife instead of a maid; she was secure in the marriage tie, instead of trembling at the frightful vision of celibacy; in short, she was *Mrs.* Duckworth instead of *Miss* Sheldrake. This was a surprising change to be effected in less than six

weeks. The new married lady felt it as such; and, to do her justice, seemed willing that others should feel it too.

Her temper, I grieve to say, was not originally of the milkiest kind, and had not been in the least improved by the ten superfluous years added to her maidenhood. She had been for some time uneasily brooding over her lonely condition; and now, that she felt herself secure in her altered state, she seemed determined to revenge on her husband the neglect she deemed herself to have suffered from the rest of his sex. The honey moon had scarcely begun to wane, when conjugal differences began to creep in one after another, and to array themselves between the husband and wife. There was pouting, sulkiness and occasional thunder, with showers, in the daytime; and regular curtain lectures at night. How much Mr. Duckworth improved by these last, I have not been able to ascertain; but if he did not rise in the morning a different man from what he went to bed, it was not for the want of sufficient eloquence on the part of his dearer half.

Conjugal differences, however, did not prevent Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth from agreeing on certain points; and in due time the wife gave evident signs of an increasing and multiplying state. What effect those certain lectures—delivered as they were with great regularity and abundant feeling—produced on the future offspring, might be matter of

curious speculation among philosophers and metaphysicians. Indeed I might make some very shrewd remarks on this point, were I so disposed ; but I wave the subject, and proceed with my narrative.

The naturally tart temper of Mrs. Duckworth was not in the least improved by the condition she was in ; and she did not fail to take advantage of that condition, to draw largely upon the attentions and patience of her husband. She found it convenient to suffer a great deal of ill health ; and thus suffering, to require an uncommon share of compassion, kindness, and devotion on the part of her other half. I say nothing of the fainting fits and the hysterics. I make no estimate of the expense of hartshorn, camphor, assafætida, and burnt feathers—of which last she is reported to have used several pounds during the period of this important gestation. I say nothing of the bustle in the family on those fitful and alarming occasions—running over one another and bawling out for help—“ Come ! quick ! quick ! instantly—Mrs. Duckworth is dying !”

All these things I pass by as matters of every-day occurrence, and come directly to that more important one of longing. This was directed to a great variety of objects, and those generally of difficult attainment, or the procuring of which would subject her husband and neighbors to no little trouble. It was not an apple, a handful of

strawberries, a glass of wine, or some such simple and very common object of desire. Among a multitude of things, which it would swell these memoirs too much to describe, I shall barely name a few.

The first was a bit of a fried parrot. But it was not every parrot that would serve her turn. The one, a piece of which she particularly desired, was a handsome talkative bird belonging to the parson of the parish, and a great favorite of the Reverend owner. The parson at first demurred; but finally yielded to the tears of Mrs. Duckworth, the entreaties of her husband, and the representations of all his neighbors, who said it would be a thousand pities that any harm should come to the lady or her offspring, by reason of her unsatisfied desire. The parrot, as though conscious of the fate that awaited him, kept crying out, as he was carried along—"Poor Poll! Poor Poll! D—n it! I say d—n it!" the latter being certain profane words, which the mischievous fellows of the neighborhood had taught him, but which he was better bred than to repeat in the hearing of the parson.

Another object of her desire was a dozen of oranges, which she so timed it as to require in the middle of a dark stormy night. There were none nearer than five miles, which Mrs. Duckworth very well knew before she ascertained the precise object of her desire. But there was no time to

be lost, and Mr. Duckworth was obliged to leave his warm bed, clap the saddle upon Dobbin, and launch forth in the midst of storm and darkness. With all his trouble, however, he could obtain but eleven oranges, with which he hastened back to his wife on his wind-broken steed, puffing like a pair of bellows, and wondering, as much as a horse could wonder, what the devil was to pay.

But alas! after all his kind exertions and buffeting of the storm, the good man returned only to throw his wife into the hysterics, because he had not procured the twelfth orange. Nothing less than a round dozen would suffice ; she would not taste of one until the whole number was before her. There was not, however, another orange within forty miles. But what was to be done ? Another orange must be procured, or the unsatisfied longing would produce disastrous consequences ! the least of which would be the fixing of an everlasting mark on the child !

There was no resisting, and Mr. Duckworth set forth that very night, on a journey of forty miles, to procure the twelfth orange. But ah ! the over-worn Dobbin blew his last breath before his master had finished half his journey ; and without having time to give him a decent burial—such as his faithful services, and the cause in which he laid down his life seemed to demand—his master, after dropping a tear over his lifeless body and exclaiming—“ Poor Dobbin ; thou hast died for

an orange ! heaven rest thy weary limbs, for they never had rest while living !”—mounted another horse, which he had borrowed upon so great an emergency, and hurried on his journey. The orange was obtained, but alas ! when the uxorious husband returned, it was too late ; his wife had ceased from her longing, and the twelfth orange was of no avail.

At another time she was very near dying for a bit of a lobster. But lobsters were of no easy attainment ; and Mr. Duckworth, bringing to mind the twelfth orange, well nigh swore an oath that he would not budge an inch—saying that she might be more reasonable in her desires, and take up with some fresh-water fish, which he would set about catching immediately. But she called him a dolt for his pains ; and asked how he, who never was in her condition, should know what it was proper to long for ; and concluded by saying, that she must positively have a piece of lobster, otherwise she should mark the child ; and if she was driven to that extremity, she would take care to fix the mark in its very face—and then how would he like his offspring, with a lobster’s claw sticking out of its very forehead ! This last observation, which she did not fail to enforce with tears and fainting fits, had the desired effect ; and Mrs. Duckworth’s wishes, at no inconsiderable expense, were gratified.

At another time she felt an irrepressible desire

for a chestnut, to be procured from the highest bough of the highest tree in the woods ; and an enterprising lad, who undertook to fetch it, barely saved his neck, with the fracture of an arm and a collar-bone.

But of all her remarkable desires there was none which her husband felt so great a reluctance to gratify, as that which required a mouthful of the end of his nose. But it was in vain to plead off, and equally in vain to reason ; for neither entreaties nor arguments were of any avail. And why should they be ? It was a case of longing, and therefore must be satisfied. Accordingly Mr. Duckworth, after addressing a short prayer to heaven for patience and resignation ; and begging his wife, as a last favor, to be content with as small a piece as she could well do with ; submitted his olfactory organ to the teeth of his affectionate spouse.

Did he part with his nose !

Be patient, gentle reader, and I will tell you all. Mrs. Duckworth had scarcely got the nasal organ, which was none of the smallest, fairly in her mouth, and begun the fatal grip, when—the pain thereto inciting—Mr. Duckworth, not fairly thinking what he was about, fetched her such a box on the ear as completely disengaged her hold, brought on a fit of the hysterics, and finally a state of syncope, in which for upwards of an hour she maintained her resolution of dying outright. But she did not succeed.

I know not how I am to excuse Mr. Duckworth for the violence offered to his dearer half. It is disagreeable to the feeling historian to record such instances of the frailty of man. Box his wife's ears ! and save his own nose at the risk of having a noseless progeny ! But I declare to you, gentle reader, it was the first and only time that Mr. Daniel Duckworth ever was guilty of striking his wife. And then—but harkee, sir, were you ever precisely in the predicament of Mr. Duckworth ? If not, suspend your indignation till such time as you are, and I'll answer for it, that you will then judge mildly of his fault, if not entirely forgive him.

## CHAPTER IV.

*An Old-fashioned February Storm—Arrival of an Important Hour—Mrs. Motherwort—Her Estimation with the Good People of Cornbury—A Journey over the Snow-Drifts to bring her on a Hand-Sled—Difficulty of the Undertaking—Perilous Approach to Holagog Swamp—Bewilderment of Mr. Duckworth—A Jackalanter—Birth of the Subject of this History.*

AT length the important hour arrived. It was at the close of one of those severe snow storms, which formerly filled the roads in New-England breast-high, entirely precluded the passage of beasts of burden, and made it almost impossible for human beings to get abroad without the help of snow-shoes. The fleecy storms of those good old times were very different from the scanty sprinklings of modern days. They then lasted for a fortnight on a stretch; and were, to the snow storms of the present period, what the woolen gowns and quilted petticoats of our grandmothers would be to the flimsy dress of a modern belle.

Then if the farmer's sheep happened to be caught abroad, they were covered with another fleece besides their own; and buried beneath mountain drifts, had no more to do than to lie

still and chew the cud of patient suffering, until such time as they were relieved by a thaw. Then if the farmer had neglected to provide his stock of fuel, groceries, or meal, in season ; his only means of obtaining them was, to buckle on his snow-shoes, harness himself to his hand-sled, and accomplish the necessary business, by scaling the snow-drifts with the only vehicle which was at all manageable on such occasions.

It was near twelve o'clock, on an evening in the month of February, in the latter half of the last century, that Mrs. Duckworth roused her husband from a comfortable dream in which he was just then indulging, and assured him that he had no time to lose, as she was in want of the immediate services of Mrs. Motherwort. What husband could dream on such an emergency ? Mr. Duckworth could not ; though report declares, that he turned over in bed two or three times before he could fairly understand the import of his wife's injunction.

Nevertheless he was soon on his feet, and dressed in less time than it would take a modern beau to tie on his cravat. He had indeed in his hurry put on one of his wife's stockings, and had got on his waistcoat wrongside out. But he was in too much haste to discover the first ; and as for the latter, he would not have altered it for all the waistcoats in christendom—as he considered it an exceedingly fortunate omen, and portentous

of a happy result in the present situation of his family affairs. He had likewise in the bustle of the moment forgotten to take off his nightcap—which, however, eventually he had no great reason to regret, as it served to defend his ears against the keen air of a bitter cold night. Thus dressed, and rigged out with his snow-shoes and hand-sled, Mr. Duckworth set out for the dwelling of the *Lucina* of that neighborhood.

Mrs. Motherwort was the presiding goddess of births, and no human being, within the precincts of Cornbury, could be properly introduced to this sublunary world, except under her immediate auspices. Not only because the people accounted her, as they said, the *most knowingest* person in those parts; but because they looked to her good will for a blessing on their offspring when she was employed, and dreaded the consequences of her malediction whenever she was neglected. Indeed it was affirmed, that whenever any poor thing was ushered into the world without her agency, though it might apparently thrive and do well for a time, it never failed in the end either to pine away and die in its infancy—to grow up distorted with the rickets—or, what was worse than either, turn out to be an idiot or a reprobate. Hence all married people, who were blessed with a growing family, were no less emulous of the good will than the skilful offices of Mrs. Motherwort.

Sharing in the general belief and feelings of his neighborhood, and bound by the injunctions of his better half, Mr. Duckworth travelled a distance of three miles to bring on a hand-sled the renowned personage whose presence was to become of such consequence to the well-being of his family. Fortunately he found her at home, of which good news he was warned before he had time to knock, by the loudness of her snoring. He blessed his stars—or rather, being a devout man, he blessed God for his good luck; for on such an occasion, to find at home a person in so much demand as Mrs. Motherwort, was a consummation not always to be attained.

But now the object was to awaken the old lady from the profound repose which it was evident she was enjoying. This, however, as Mr. Duckworth found from sad experience, was not so easily accomplished as one might desire. The skin was worn from his knuckles, his feet and fingers were benumbed, and his whole frame was almost stiff with the cold; and no signs appeared of arousing the snorer within. In addition to the use of his knuckles, he had occasion for the powers of speech, and raising his pipes as if Boreas were blowing the bellows; he poured forth such strains as these—

“Hullo! there, Mrs. Motherwort, Hullo! I say, hullo! there within. Hullo-o! hullo-o-o! hul-o-o-o-o! there, I say, Mrs. Motherwort!”

And ever and anon the poor man's knuckles, bleeding as they were, and benumbed with the cold, were applied to the panels of the door, one would have thought, hard enough to burst them through. But the noise he made without seemed to be drowned by the nasal trumpet within ; and the snoring seemed to redouble at every new effort to awaken the sleeper.

What was the impatient husband to do ? Mrs. Motherwort, renowned as she was, had no knocker on her door, and no bell with a brass knob ; though she had a clapper which could wag with prodigious effect, whenever she chose to set it in motion. Mr. Duckworth, having worn out his knuckles and exhausted his breath in vain, at last bethought him of looking for a stick of wood or some other instrument with which he might belabor the door. This, considering the late snow storm, was almost a hopeless undertaking, and it was some time before he succeeded in arming himself to his mind — having at length stumbled upon a sled-stake, one end whereof was found peeping a little above the snow.

With this instrument falling to like a man in earnest, he laid on so lustily that in less than three minutes he broke the old woman's nap short off, and she bawled out—

“ Who's there ? What the plague do you want, to make such a tarnation racket ? ”

But the old lady, the moment she waked, had

a shrewd suspicion of the nature of the case ; and hurrying on her aids, she unbolted the door and let in the suffering man. His errand was soon told, and before he had time to get the frost fairly out of his fingers, Mrs. Motherwort was ready to attend him.

But here his difficulties had but just begun ; and he could not help being appalled as he surveyed the stout form of the old lady before him. It would have been no light undertaking to draw a person of common size three miles over the enormous snow-drifts on a handsled. But Mrs. Motherwort, possessing in her youth a large frame, had become of late years exceedingly corpulent ; so that, while it was evident she would make an immense load for one poor biped to drag along, it was equally evident that she would not be able to support her unwieldy person through a walk of three miles in the almost impassable state of the roads.

But there was not a moment to lose. It was one of those cases that require action, and not debate. Indeed all the debate in the world would not have altered the condition of things for the better. It was totally impossible for a horse, even if the good man had been provided with one, to make head a single rod ; and the unwieldy condition of Mrs. Motherwort was an effectual bar to her progress on foot. Wherefore, without waiting a tenth part as long as I have been talking

about it, Mr. Duckworth helped the flower of midwifery upon the hand-sled, and buckled himself to his task.

This was not the first time Mrs. Motherwort had graced so humble a vehicle; and instead of demurring against circumstances which could not be mended, she wisely wrapped her long lamb-skin cloak about her, seized fast hold of the stakes on each side of the sled, and bade the worthy biped Godspeed.

Mr. Duckworth having the fear of his wife and the urgency of his family affairs before his eyes, set forward with as much activity as the condition of the roads would admit. But the obstruction of the snow-drifts, and the difficulty of choosing his way in the night, added to the weight of Mrs. Motherwort, rendered his progress rather of the most slow and painful kind. He was like a ship in a rolling sea, tossed and agitated by the waves, without making much headway in her voyage. He was this moment on the top of a lofty snow-drift; the next, plunging forward between the banks, with his load pitching plump upon his heels; then anon, running sidelong upon a drift, upsetting his vehicle and rolling the contents down the steep declivity; now tripping himself up with his snow-shoes, and falling, like a steed that interferes, in his own harness. It would be endless to describe all the various motions and positions of the man,

the sled and the woman ; together with all the circumstances of that memorable expedition.

Mrs. Motherwort cheered forward the worthy man as well as she was able ; and once or twice endeavored to lighten his task by dismounting from the vehicle and attempting to walk. But in these cases, she rather retarded the journey ; and Mr. Duckworth, after once or twice digging her out of a snow-drift, begged she would not again attempt to help herself.

As the snow was above the tops of the fences, it was no easy matter to keep the road ; and Mr. Duckworth at length found himself with his precious lading in the middle of a swamp—or rather Mrs. Motherwort found herself, along with her carrier and escort, in that impromising situation. For Mr. Duckworth had got so bewildered with the various reflections, the tossings and revolutions, of that night, that he had no suspicion of having wandered from the right way, until Mrs. Motherwort suddenly exclaimed—

“ Why, where are you going to, Mr. Duckworth ? ”

“ Indeed, Ma’am,” replied he, gazing about in a sort of wonderment—“ that’s more than I can tell. I thought I was going towards home ; but — ”

“ You ’re in the middle of Holagog Swamp,” said Mrs. Motherwort, finishing the sentence for him.

"Holagog Swamp! the d——" he had almost said—"the d—l I am!" But he checked himself in time, and merely said—"the Lord knows!—I dont."

"You don't! well, it's time you did," replied the old lady. "I say, we're in Holagog Swamp, and a few steps more will bring us to the Stodgy Hole, where the water never freezes and the mud has no bottom."

"Well, just as you say, Mrs. Motherwort—I've no voice in the matter," said the man in a state half-way between bewilderment and despair.

"You've no voice in the matter!"

"No—I leave it to you entirely Mrs. Motherwort. If you think we'd better go forward, I'll do the best I can."

"Go forward! why the man is crazy. Didn't I just tell you that we were within a few steps of Stodgy Hole, where the water never freezes and the mud has no bottom?"

"Well, just as you say, Mrs. Motherwort."

"What a noddy the man is!" said the old lady to herself—"he's been henpecked so long, that he has no mind of his own. I wish I was a man, and had the management of that crooked rib of his for one six months. If I didn't—but it's no time to think of that now." Then speaking out, she said—"Mr. Duckworth, we must turn short about and make for the road."

"Well, just as you say, Mrs. Motherwort," re-

peated he, as he turned mechanically about. But he had no sooner got his eyes in the direction of the road, than he exclaimed, in a voice of alarm—"There's a jack-a-lantern!"

"Nonsense!" replied the old woman—"it's merely somebody coming to meet us with a light."

Mrs. Motherwort was sufficiently credulous, and to tell the truth, believed in jack-a-lanterns, and most other subjects of vulgar faith; but having met with incidents similar to this before, she had presence of mind enough to suspect, what was really the case, that being out of patience at the delay of her husband Mrs. Duckworth had despatched some one in search of him with a lantern.

"But I'm sure it's a jack-a-lantern," said Mr. Duckworth—"don't you see how it dodges up and down?"

"That's owing to the snow-drifts," replied Mrs. Motherwort. "We've been dodging up and down in the same way for this hour and a half. Come, do go on, man alive—if you are alive."

"Well, just as you say, Mrs. Motherwort. And indeed for that matter I must go on, whether I will or no; for one cannot help following a jack-a-lantern wherever it chooses to lead one, you know, Mrs. Motherwort." So saying, the bewildered man kept his eye on the light, and had the good fortune in a short time to regain the road,

where he found to his great surprise and greater joy, that the will-with-the-wisp was no other than his hired man, who could now lend him a hand in drawing his load.

They finished the remainder of the way with less difficulty than before—being assisted by the light of the lantern, and having a fresh biped added to the team. But the reflections of Mr. Duckworth during that notable journey—especially the first half of it, which I did not think proper to interrupt for the purpose of stating them—were any thing but agreeable. He came within an ace of calling himself a fool for entering so soon, and under such peculiar circumstances, into the blessed state of matrimony; and wished his wife, midwife, and all—in heaven. He even muttered something about his wife's caprice, and could not help thinking she might have put off the present emergency till some more convenient opportunity; or at least until he could have the advantage of daylight in procuring the necessary assistance. He could not help bringing to mind the trouble she had given him for several months past; the twelfth orange; the death of poor old Dobbin; and especially the attempt she had made to deprive him of the most prominent feature of his face. Of all these things Mr. Duckworth thought in the bitterness of his spirit; though it is an incontrovertable fact, that on the whole he

was a pattern of meekness and conjugal submission.

At length Mr. Duckworth, after a tedious journey, and almost dead with cold and fatigue, arrived at his house with his load of human flesh safe and sound. But alas ! he was too late. The subject of these memoirs had come into the world just three minutes before the arrival of the indispensable Mrs. Motherwort.

How he should dare to make his appearance without the necessary introduction of the accredited Lucina, was matter of equal astonishment and regret. Indeed it was seriously debated among the gossips then and there present, whether he should not be severely whipped for his audacity ; but the matter was finally settled in his favor by Mrs. Duckworth, who declared positively that no child of hers should ever be spoilt by the early use of the rod.

## CHAPTER V.

*Remarkable Circumstances attending the Birth of Young Duckworth—Dressing, Weighing, and Physicking—Giving a Name—Mrs. Duckworth's Debate with herself on that important subject—Maternal Indulgence—Banishment of the Rod.*

CIRCUMSTANCES of a remarkable kind are said to have attended the birth and early infancy of many persons, who were destined to distinguish themselves in after life. Thus a swarm of bees gathered about the lips of Plato while in the cradle ; Hercules strangled the serpents while in the same situation ; and Mercury produced the milky-way by drawing from the breast of his mother faster than he could conveniently swallow. This, however, was a long time ago ; tradition is vague and uncertain ; and fable is apt to be mixed up in large proportions with the history of early times. But I am informed on the best authority, that the ducks, which were never before known to be noisy at the dead of night, set up a most sonorous “*Quack! quack! quack!*” at the very moment of the birth of the stranger, who came into the world so unceremoniously at the close of the last chapter. This strange incident was immediately reported to Mrs. Motherwort, and by her

interpreted as a very clear and remarkable omen of the child's future celebrity.

On the same unquestionable authority rests another report, namely, that the young Duckworth, when preparing to be dressed, seized the cup of rum wherewith he was to be previously drenched, and raising it to his mouth with both hands, took a hearty swig, and smacked his little lips to the great terror and admiration of all present. This was also interpreted by Mrs. Motherwort, as another indication of what the child was to become in future years; and as signifying in the clearest manner, that he would turn out to be a man of great spirit.

I will merely mention one more circumstance, which, though not known till some years afterwards may very properly be set down in this connexion. The young Duckworth is said to have taken such particular notice of what was passing around him on the night of his birth, that when he grew to be a stout boy he could describe with great accuracy the movements, the conversation and the very looks of those who were present on that important occasion. For instance—how Mrs. Chickweed sat in the chimney corner poking the fire with the tongs, and smoking ashes out of a short-tailed pipe. How Mrs. Squaddy, a little short woman, wore a tall high-crowned cap; and had two eyes of different colors, one grey and the other black, which she opened alternately. How

Mrs. Motherwort told a story of Hetty Dumpling, who was so small when she was born, that she could easily be put into a great tankard and the lid shut down; and how the same wise old lady declared, that Billy Quizical had made himself cross-eyed by imprudently looking at his own nose for a full half hour immediately after his birth. Besides a great many other things, said and enacted by Mrs. Motherwort and the rest, which not being entirely consonant to the dignity and purity of this grave and sober history, are herein omitted.

But to return to the thread of my narrative.—As soon as Mrs. Duckworth had given vent to the proper quantity of tears and reproaches at the delay of her husband in returning with Mrs. Motherwort, and received the assurances of the latter that he had acted with all commendable diligence—merely having once lost his way in Holagog Swamp, and come within an ace of getting into Stodgy Hole; when the water never freezes and the mud has no bottom; and after every thing regarding the comfort of the mother was properly arranged; the first and most important business was, the dressing of the child.

Three flannel petticoats, three times the length of his body, were provided. But first, he was to be swathed or bandaged from his hips to his arm-pits, as tight as could conveniently be done, in order as it was said to fetch up his breath and

make his respiration quick and easy: This and all preliminary matters being properly adjusted, he was next accommodated with his three long flannel petticoats; and over them a calico gown, or frock, still longer. Lastly his head was thoroughly enveloped in a curiously wrought baby-cap; and thus the little Duckworth, in spite of his crying and kicking, which he did most lustily, was in less than an hour dressed almost to death.

He was next, as a matter of no little importance to be weighed. A large home-made double handkerchief being tied round him, was hooked upon the steelyards; and the weight of the child, as near as could be ascertained on account of his kicking, was found to be twelve pounds and a quarter—no allowance being made on such occasions for the weight of petticoats, bandages, and other articles of dress. I like to be particular as to the weight of the child, whose after life, practice and opinions I am to commemorate, because it is a weighty matter, and by no means to be overlooked by the conscientious and faithful biographer.

The important business of dressing and weighing being accomplished, the little Duckworth, though as hearty as a buck, was in the next place to be physicked; but for what reason, did not very clearly appear. It is true Mrs. Motherwort said it must be so; and as nobody ever thought of disputing her dictum, it was so. The stranger,

before he was two hours old, was compelled with abundance of wry faces to take physic.. But he certainly did not know what was good for him ; and that the *trade*, as Mrs. Motherwort called it, though so disgusting to his untutored appetite, was in reality a thing of very great consequence, and not to be sneezed at by every brat an hour old. Three times a day, by the express orders of Mrs. Motherwort, was the tender bantling compelled to swallow nauseous physic, which she averred was of more consequence than the milk of his mother ; and she would not let him taste a drop of the latter for nearly a week.

The medicining being thus provided for, the next object was to furnish the child with a name. This was not generally a matter of so much difficulty in those days as at the present time ; especially in the case of a first child. For the first male offspring almost unvariably took the christian name of the father ; and the first female, that of the mother. This method of naming, with all due deference to the new fangled modes of modern times, was a very wise one ; for if the first child, as in the case before us, happened to be the last, the parent did not lose the opportunity of transmitting his own name to posterity, which he would have done, had he rested its perpetuity on the hopes of a future offspring.

In those simple and unsophisticated times a single name was considered abundantly sufficient

to burden a child withal ; and it never came into the heads of the people, that a double, triple, or quadruple name would confer on the possessor a degree of honor in proportion to its length, its complexity, and the trouble of writing and speaking it.

The first child then came to his name as it were by inheritance, and there was in most cases no difficulty nor debate on the subject. It was, to the common mode of naming now in use, what the undisputed succession to the throne of the hereditary prince is to the election of a chief magistrate in a republican government. In the one case, the new monarch comes to the crown as a matter of right ; and his claim being acknowledged, meets with no opposition. In the other, a diversity of claims is set up to the vacant office, each of which has its supporters ; and the consequence is, electioneering and wrangling, jealousies and vexations, and a world of trouble before the new man is fixed in the chair of state.

As it regards the case before us, Mrs. Duckworth had resolved to depart from the ordinary custom. She intended her son should be the commencement of a new series—the first of his name. The Duckworths had been called Daniel for twenty generations ; and the new-born shoot of the parent tree should in like manner have received the name of Daniel. But Mrs. Duckworth had several reasons for preferring a different ap-

pellation. The first was, that the name was fairly worn out—completely superannuated, and utterly unfit for the young scion that had now arisen. Secondly, that it was an ill-sounding name, and so vulgar withal as to ruin the prospects of the most promising child in creation, which she verily believed hers to be. Thirdly, it was the name of her husband, which he wished his son in like manner to inherit; and therefore a good and sufficient reason with Mrs. Duckworth for rejecting it. In a word, she had positively determined that her son should not be called Daniel.

But it was easier to decide what he should not be called, than what he should; just in the same manner as it is easier to pull down a house, than to erect one. Mrs. Duckworth debated for many days; consulted all her acquaintance; and took counsel both of her memory and her invention. She ran over in her mind all the high-sounding names she had ever heard of, either of ancient or modern times; either of profane history or sacred writ.

“Every thing,” said she, “depends on the sound of the name. He would be ruined forever, should I call him by any low, vulgar, or common-sounding name. It must be something lofty and cacophonous. Jupiter? Let me see—Jupiter was the General of the heathen gods—so that won’t do. Apollo? That sounds well—but he was another leading man among the heathen

gods—so there's an end of him. Socrates? He was another heathen, that run mad and swallowed a hemlock-tree—no, that will never do. Rummulus? No—he knocked down his brother Remus and jumped over his stone wall. Nebuchadnezzar? Let me see—that's a noble-sounding name, and belongs to the Old Testament—but then he got into his tanterums, run mad, and was turned out to grass. Nicodemus? That's another Scripter name—but he was a great stupid booby, and didn't know what was what. Columbus? He was the first man that sailed across the new world, and got chained up for his presumption. Cromwell? He was a real orthodox Christian, and killed Charles the First like a dutiful subject. Let me see—shall I call my son Cromwell? No—I must give him some new name, nobody has ever heard of before—a name of my own invention. Yes, that must be it—I'll be beholden to nobody for a name—I'll let the world see I can invent a name upon a pineh. But what must it be? That's the question."

Mrs. Duckworth, after racking her invention for some time, at length hit upon the name of DODIMUS. This was objected to by Mr. Duckworth, opposed by Mrs. Motherwort, and ridiculed by all the neighbors. But the opposition of Mr. Duckworth confirmed the resolution of Mrs. Duckworth; and as for the other opposers, she informed them, that whenever they became the pa-

rents of as promising a child as hers, they should have full liberty to call it what they pleased. **DODIMUS DUCKWORTH**—the name is still to be seen in the parish register, written in a round full hand, and underscored with three lines—as much as to say, this is a capital name!

Few children have ever enjoyed more of the milk of maternal kindness than Dodimus Duckworth. There being no younger stock to come between him and his mother's indulgence, he was supported at the breast until he had grown to such a height that his feet touched the floor, as he sat in her lap greedily drawing from the milky treasure. It is said that he was not weaned till he had completed his seventh year. However this may be, certain it is that he had begun to talk pretty plain, and could make his wants known in other language besides that of crying.

Indeed he had been sent to school for some time, before the weaning took place. But there was no small inconvenience attending it; for, besides taking his regular meals at the pap morning, noon and night; his indulgent mamma was obliged to go to school to accommodate him in the intervening hours. This was not only inconvenient to the mother, but a source of much vexation to her offspring; for his young school-fellows took the liberty of teasing him on account of the maternal indulgence; and, besides other exceedingly provoking language, called him “calf,”

“bossy,” and such like names, until the poor little fellow would cry with very vexation; and not unfrequently quit his envied repast, and spring from his mother’s lap, to go and belabor the teasing rogues, who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in embittering the milk of his enjoyments.

On such occasions, the meddlesome little rascals oftentimes had cause to repent of their forwardness, not only on account of the blows and scratches dealt them by young Duckworth, but more especially by reason of the aid lent him by his affectionate mamma—who, calling them a set of misbegotten, half-suckled, piddling, unmannerly brats, fell upon them, and, with the flat of her hand well laid on, gave them such a drubbing that their skins would tingle, at the bare recollection, for a whole month. Their only safe mode then was, like the Parthians, to shoot flying; or rather to fly as soon as they had shot. In this way, being more nimble than the mother, and when united stronger than the child, they sometimes had the good fortune to escape unscathed.

As Mrs. Duckworth was in no haste to deprive her son of the milky store on which he had so long fed, so she showed no disposition to restrain him in any of his actions, or to nip in the bud any untoward inclinations which he might manifest in the days of infancy and childhood. Indeed it was a maxim of hers that the genius

of children should not be cramped by early restraint; nor their propensities, whatever they might be, checked by the force of parental authority. At least, this was the case in relation to her own son; for it does not appear that she entertained the same regard for the unrestrained liberties of the children of other people.

Solomon, the wise King of Israel, thought a little timely correction quite appropos; and that the rod was a very necessary implement among a family of children. He supposed a gentle application to the bare back, had a favorable operation upon the heart. He even went so far as to imagine that the temper of children might be softened by the hardness of Hickory—or, as he called it, the rod—and that they would be the better for it all their lives.

But Solomon, as Mrs. Duckworth properly observed, had not the happiness of living in modern times, and witnessing the stretch of improvement which a few thousand years have introduced into the management of children and other household matters. The rod—of hickory, birch or viburnum—which, in the preceding generations of the Duckworth family, had ever been placed in some conspicuous situation—most commonly over the mantelpiece—as a terror to infant evil-doers, was removed by the new mistress of the house, who declared that the sight of her little Dodimus should not be shocked by so horrid an exhibition.

This change was a painful one to Mr. Duckworth. It seemed to him like taking away one of the *lares*—like banishing the most efficient of their household gods. But he was no more than the nominal head of the family; and just in proportion as Mrs. Duckworth felt a disposition to govern her husband, just in that degree she seemed disposed to exempt her child from all restraint. Indeed perhaps it may be set down as a general rule, that where the wife governs the husband, the son governs the mother.

Mrs. Duckworth would allow her husband no voice in the family government. "Do, Mr. Duckworth," said she, "let the child alone. You're no more fit to have the care of a family than that are fire-shovel that stands in the chimney corner. I wonder in my heart you ever will pretend to open your mouth to him, the little darling! Dody, don't mind a word your daddy says to you, that's a good boy!"

Thus tutored, the elder Duckworth, for the sake of conjugal peace, refrained from any act of rebellion; while the younger Duckworth grew up as free from all restraint as his affectionate mamma could desire.

"Daddy shant wip me, shall he, mommy? You'll wip him, won't you, mommy, if he goes to wip Dody? Go 'long dad, and let Dody be! Dody's your boy, an't he, mommy?"

"Yes, it is its mommy's boy—her little dar-

ling—and it need'nt mind any thing its daddy says to it."

Such was the infant language of the son; such was the kind indulgence of the mother; and such the humble submission of the husband. This being the condition of the case, Dodimus very naturally inclined to despise his father, and to bestow his principal regard on his mother. But he had no respect even for her; so true is it, that those who would be respected by others, must have, or appear to have, some respect for them selves.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Early Propensities of Young Duckworth—His Disposition to Torment Inferior Animals—Occasional Retribution—Mrs. Duckworth's reasons for resolving to make him a Doctor—He is sent to School—Unaccommodating Disposition of Master Spankaway—His Want of Gallantry—A Suit for Damages.*

To write biography, is one thing ; and to write fiction, another. The biographer cannot, like the novelist, bestow upon the subject of his book any quantity of virtues and shining qualities that he pleases. He may be obliged, in the discharge of his duty, to "write him down an ass" or a profligate ; there is no help for it ; he must paint him as he finds him—good, bad, or indifferent. He is not accountable for the character, but merely for the truth of the delineation. If, therefore, Dodimus Duckworth, should appear in the following narrative to come considerably short of perfection, the reader will attach the blame where it belongs, and not cast any part thereof on the biographer.

As soon as young Duckworth was able to run alone, he began to be the dread of all such guests as honored the family with their presence, and had any regard for the cleanliness of their appa-

rel. He was not in the least affected by that infantile bashfulness which causes most children to shrink from the approach of strangers. But on the contrary, the guest could scarcely get seated, before Dodimus marching boldly up, began to examine the nature of his garments and to lay free hands on whatever he could most conveniently reach. His face, his feet and his clothes were likewise brought in contact with the dress of the stranger, by means of lolling, climbing, wiping, and such other manœuvres as he could readily execute. And as soap and water were not included among his daily rations; and held but rare communion either with his skin or his clothing; it is not at all surprising, if dirt, grease, and other transferable matters should reward the guest for the forwardness of the infant. Nor is it strange if they should cause some internal commotion —the face of the child being particularly fruitful in those collections which are most apt to effect the stomach of the spectator.

Whether it was from this circumstance that his mother first took the hint of making him a doctor, as supposing he possessed uncommon emetic powers; or whether it was owing to a certain propensity of his which I shall mention by and by; or whether in the third place, she had so decreed from his birth, I confess myself unable positively to decide. But if the stranger or guest happened to be of so hardy a constitution as not

to be affected in the inner man, he generally bore on his outside very undeniable marks of the peculiar condition and habits of the future dispenser of drugs and medicines.

As Dodimus grew up to the age of three or four years, he took great delight in pinching, biting, kicking, scratching and sticking pins in such persons as had the temerity or the misfortune to come in his way. As for their hats, gloves, handkerchiefs, bonnets, and the like, he accounted them common property, which he had a right to appropriate to such uses as pleased him best ; whether to tear in pieces, stamp under feet, or throw them in the fire. If they were not surrendered without opposition, an attack was suddenly made on the shins of the unaccommodating owner ; followed by sundry pinches, fisticuffs, and other very palpable demonstrations of displeasure. If these failed, he appealed to his mother.

“ Mommy, mommy, may’nt I have the gent-  
’man’s hat?”

“ Yes, sonny, you may, that’s my darling—go  
ax the gentleman pretty.”

“ I won’t ax him—I wont!”

“ Then he won’t give it to you—go ax him  
pretty, and say, please sir let Dody take your  
hat.”

“ I wont! I won’t touch to!—give me your

hat, I say. I tell you, momamy, I went ax him pretty."

Mrs. Duckworth, to please her darling, would then say, "Mr. Such-a-one, do let the boy have your hat a minute—he won't hurt it—much."

If the gentleman was an entire stranger to the frolics of the young Duckworth, and a good natured man withal, he would naturally surrender the hat to gratify the boy and please the mother. But the next minute, he would see it in the fire, or under the feet of the sturdy brat, trodden out of all shape.

"A pretty, smart, playful, active rogue," his mother would exclaim, "how full of the white hoss it is!"

This, or some such expression, would be all the consolation the gentleman could obtain for the ruin of his hat.

Dodimus had another quality which was equally pleasing to his fond mother—and that was a disposition to torment all sorts of animals that came in his way, especially the smaller and weaker kind. Kittens and puppies, ducks, chickens, and goslings seldom came out of his hands un-hurt. The ears and tails of the former were considered as his lawful plunder; and the legs and wings of the latter were broken without any signs of remorse. He was fond of torturing insects and reptiles. He impaled more flies in a single day than the most industrious entomologist.

would do in a twelvemonth—not for the sake of drying and preserving them—but in order to see them struggle and writhe on the murderous pin. While worms and all the inferior reptiles he crushed beneath his feet.

As he grew larger, he hunted birds' nests for the mere pleasure of destroying the eggs or the young; and applied spirits of turpentine to the tail of every dog he could find, clapping his hands and shouting aloud at the cries and antic capers of the tortured beast. All sorts of small animals seemed to feel a sort of instinctive horror at his approach, which they manifested by their cries when they could not avoid his presence and by their instant escape when they could.

But there was one class of animals which, though of diminutive size, frequently proved an overmatch for the prowess of young Duckworth—I mean the several races of bees, wasps and hornets. A garrison of these contained too many swords, and too many fierce spirits, to be overcome by one little biped in fair fight; and the only mode of successful attack was, to set fire to their strong holds and consume them in their very walls. But this was not always convenient, or agreeable, to the assailant; and many a pitched battle has he fought with the winged foe; and many a brave defeat has he achieved in the unequal contest.

The truth is, these spirited little beings had the

advantage from the nature of their arms, as well as their numbers; those lances, of nature's providing, were never equalled in sharpness and in the painfulness of the wound they inflicted. Of the truth of this latter proposition, never mischievous younker had fuller proof than Dodimus Duckworth. Many a time has he returned to his mother with a smarting skin and a swollen face—the fruits of an unprovoked attack on some swarm of the stinging race. Such occasions served to draw forth no little share of his mother's anger, sympathy, and surgical skill.

“What is the matter, Dody?”

“The bumleybees stung me—hegh! hegh hegh!”

“The nasty bumblebees! what made 'em do it?”

“Hegh! hegh! I was'nt doing nothing but—hegh! hegh!—killin 'em—that's all.”

“Is that all? The good-for-nothing, ungrateful varinunts! to sting my Dody so! Why, his right eye is all bunged up, as I hope to be saved. Here, let me get some vinegar and a piece of brown paper to put on it. I can't think for my life what bumblebees were made for.”

“Hegh! hegh! Why they make honey, mommy. I got a whole lump on't tother day—but this-ere tother swarm—hegh! hegh!—as soon as I went to poke out the honey-comb, flew right at me and—hegh! hegh!—stung me.”

“ There—does’nt it feel better now? the good-for-nothing, shameless bumblebee to sting my little Dody, just ’cause he went to kill ’em and get away their honey ! I wish there was’nt a bumblebee, nor a wasp, nor a hornet in the world.”

“ Hegh ! hegh ! hegh ! I’ll kill ’em all next time.”

From this killing and torturing disposition it has been supposed by some that Mrs. Duckworth first conceived the idea of making her son a doctor. But whether it was from this, or from the emetic powers of his face, as mentioned before ; or whether, she had determined upon his profession from the moment of his birth—is a question not fully decided even to the present day. If, however, the determination originated with his birth, it could not fail to be powerfully strengthened by the consideration of those early emetic powers ; and still further confirmed by the torturing and killing disposition afterwards so fully exhibited.

At all events, Mrs. Duckworth did early resolve that her son should be a doctor. And as the branch of surgery, when skilfully pursued, adds much to the reputation as well as the gains of the medical man, she witnessed with undisguised pleasure the operation he was daily performing on whatever helpless animals he could lay his hands upon—those hands which her fond imagination already saw, or seemed to see, in prophetic vision,

wielding the amputating knife, the saw, and the trepan.

Mr. Duckworth, on the other hand, thought his son's disposition better adapted to the profession of law, as being much inclined to deviltry of all sorts. He believed, either that there was no such thing as an honest lawyer in the world ; or if there was such a rarity, he could not possibly make his way in the world. Of course it would be a thousand pities to bring up an honest lad to the law, since he must either turn rogue or starve ; while on the contrary, the child, who was a very rogue in grain, was of all others best calculated for legal studies—inasmuch as the vitiating process would not be necessary ; and inasmuch also, as the materials could not be turned to any other useful purpose.

But these arguments, weighty as they were, had no effect on the settled determination of Mrs. Duckworth. Indeed had her mind not been made up, the opinion of her husband would have had no other effect than to fix hers on the opposite side. Mrs. Duckworth had determined that her darling should be a doctor ; and Mr. Duckworth, after a faint struggle, gave way as usual to the wishes of his better half.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Duckworth was opposed to the exercise of early discipline and restraint, the education of her son was not entirely neglected. Besides such domestic instruction as she was

willing or able to give, Dodimus was persuaded to go to school as much as—he pleased. This certainly was not much; though he did not utterly resist his mamma's wishes—especially, as he hoped to find a wider range for mischief than at home. This, however, depended very much on the disposition of the teacher; and the young rogue was more than once sadly disappointed in his expectations. In truth, he met with many severe rubs for want of that indulgence at school which he experienced so largely at home—and this, notwithstanding Mrs. Duckworth gave all the teachers charge to let Dodimus do as he pleased—study or play—read or let it alone. It is hardly necessary to say, he chose the latter alternative; and as the teacher generally disagreed with him on this point, he was, for the better preservation of his skin, usually kept at home.

An instance of this unaccommodating disposition in the pedagogue, may be found in the following anecdote. Master Spankaway, a stout two-handed fellow, had received from Mrs. Duckworth the usual charge, not to cross the inclinations of her son. But, regardless of the mother's wishes, the unfeeling man called up Dodimus for sticking a pin sundry times into the back of a poor little diffident boy, who had not the courage to complain to his master, until the attack was so often

repeated that he could not help crying out with excess of pain.

"What's the matter?" demanded the master.

"Dody Duckwus is stickin a pin into me," said the boy.

"You lie!" answered Dodimus.

"Come here! Dody," roared the master.

"I wont," returned the culprit.

"Wont you?" said the master, "I'll see about that, young man—come here instantly—before I fetch you!"

"I wont—I wont stir an inch," persisted Dody, as seeing the master approach, he endeavored to entrench himself between the benches.

"You won't stir, ha!" said the master, speaking as if with his teeth firmly set together. "I'll help you then." And seizing Dodimus by the collar, he set him forthwith in the middle of the floor. "What made your stick a pin into that poor little boy, ha?"

"I didn't stick it," coolly replied the urchin.

"You didn't stick it! mind what you say, Dody—if I catch you in a lie, I shall give you a double punishment. Boys, did any of you see him do it?"

"Yes, master, I see him," said one.

"You lie!" said Dody—"you was looking 'tother way."

"He was looking 'tother way, when you did it. was he?"

“No, I didn’t do it.”

“Did any of the rest of you see him?”

“Yes, master, I see him stick it,” said one.

“And I see him stick it,” said another.

“And I see him stick it too,” said a third—  
“he runned it right into him two times.”

“More ‘an that,” said the first, “he runned it  
in four times.”

“So he did,” said the second—“he sticked it  
in ‘leven times—I see him.”

This testimony, though somewhat discrepant,  
went to prove pretty plainly that Dodimus was  
actually guilty.

“I shall now,” said Master Spankaway, “not  
only punish you for sticking the pin into that little  
boy, but also for lying.”

“Dodimus, seeing it was likely to go hard with  
him, began to edge towards the door, and would  
presently have made his escape; but the master  
grappled him by the collar, and proceeded to  
punishment.

“You shant lick me,” said Dody, as he began  
to bellow like a bull—“You shant lick me, if you  
do mommy will lick you, she will.” At the same  
time he kicked and struggled with all his might.  
Having given him a very handsome dressing,  
Master Spankaway bade him take his seat, and  
beware how he stuck pins into his school fellows  
another time.

"I wont take my seat," said the culprit, "I'll go home and tell mommy how you act."

"I don't care for your mommy."

"You don't care for my mommy ! I guess you will care for her when she gives you a lickin."

"Sit down instantly !" roared the master, bringing his foot with violence upon the floor. But as he turned his back for a moment, Dody watching his opportunity, slipped out and ran home.

Mrs. Duckworth was no sooner informed of her son's misfortune, than she set out for the school-house, and in a very short time her face appeared at the door, glowing like a live coal. She marched directly up to the master, and brandishing her fist in his face, asked him what under the sun he meant by treating Dodimus in the manner he had done.

The master replied, that the boy richly deserved the punishment he had got ; and that so far from treating him ill, he had done him no more than justice.

"Justice, indeed ! What business have you to do justice to my son ? Did I not charge you over and over again, never to lay a finger on him---the darling ?"

"And what if you did ?"

"What if I did ? Why I'll let you know, Master Spankaway, that my son is not to be whipped and beaten by every good-for-nothing peddlegog that comes along."

“I’m master of my own school, Mrs. Duckworth—and if you say two words more, I’ll serve you as I did your son.”

“You will, ha! you’ll serve me as you did the boy, will you?” Thus saying, Mrs. Duckworth advanced still nearer, and brandishing her fists, made a lunge upon the vanguard of the Master’s face, so that the blood began to trickle merrily over his upper lip; when seizing the termagant before she had time to renew the blow, he drew her across his knee, and laid on with such hearty good will, that she shortly began to cry murder with the whole strength of her lungs. He finished the argument by conducting her to the door, and with his foot giving her such an impulse, that she found herself half way home before she had time to take breath.

No one will readily believe that Mrs. Duckworth could silently put up with such an indignity offered to her own sacred person, to say nothing of that of her son. A suit was forthwith instituted against Master Spankaway for heavy damages. She declared she’d make the rascal pay scarce, that she would; she’d make him suffer for his presumption—she’d strip him as clean as the back of her hand, that she would, if there was any virtue in the law—a good-for-nothing, misbegotten, half-brung-up, beetle-headed scamp o’ grace!” But it is the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken, and so Mrs. Duckworth

found it—for the court and jury were almost as ungallant as Master Spankaway; and instead of giving heavy damages, saddled the cost on the plaintiff.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Maternal Vanity—Precocity of Dodimus—Exhibition thereof before Parson Longgrace—Rare Specimen of Scholarship—How a Lad of Spirit may avoid Swearing—Early Taste for Elocution—A Specimen of the same—Knitting in the Good Old Times—A School Anecdote—Severity of Master Switchem.*

So little inclined as young Duckworth was to study, and indulged by his mother in idleness and mischief, it cannot be supposed that he made great progress in learning. But with that parental fondness which raises to perfection every scion from its stock, Mrs. Duckworth omitted no opportunity of exhibiting to such persons as ventured to call, the uncommon erudition of her son—always adding, “for a child of his age.” These exhibitions were more particularly made for the pleasure and edification of Mr. Longgrace, the parson of the town; who, in visiting his flock, could not fail to call occasionally on the Duckworths as belonging to the same fold.

The first well-authenticated exhibition of this kind appears to have taken place when Dodimus was not above seven years old. He was persuaded by his mother, with the promise of a

whole pumpkin pie, and a large lump of sugar, to let the parson hear how well he could read. The passage selected, to show off his talents to the best advantage, was in that part of the spelling book commonly called the A, B, C's.

"Stand up straight, Dody, that's a good boy—hold up his head and speak like a man," said Mrs. Duckworth, after she had turned to the lesson and put the book into his hands.

Drawing his sleeve two or three times across the bottom of his nose by way of preface, Dodimus raised the book to his face and was ready to begin. Parson Longgrace was on the tiptoe of expectation, when Mrs. Duckworth acting as teacher, thus commenced—pointing to the first letter with a pin—

"What's that?"

"A-a-a-ur!—now give me the pucker pie, mommy," said the scholar, shutting his book.

"No, not yet, Dody; read a little furder first—that's a good boy—let the minister see what a scholard he is."

After much persuasion and the promise of an additional lump of sugar, the precocious youth was induced once more to open his book. Having gone through with the usual preface of drawing his sleeves alternately beneath his nose, his mother pointed to the next letter.

"What's that, my son?"

"I don't know," muttered the boy.

“Now tell pretty, do, that’s a darling.”

“I can’t tell—I won’t tell—I don’t know.”

“What’s that little critter, that makes sweet honey, my son?”

“Oh now, mommy, give me some honey, do,” said the scholar, suddenly excited by the mention of that delicious article.

“Well, tell me first what that little critter is that makes sweet honey,” still pointing to the second letter.

“That makes *sweet* honey, mommy?”

“Yes, that leetle critter that flies about with its wings, and goes hum-bumble, hum-bumble!”

“Oh, now I know,” said the younker, as if struck with a sudden idea, and giving his nose a thorough wipe—“it’s a dorbug.”

“A dorbug! you little silly fool, you!—you sweet cunning rogue. How cunning it is—aint it Mr. Longgrace?”

“He is indeed a rare child,” said the parson in a very equivocal tone.

“I knew you’d think he was a bright scholard, the moment you heard him read,” said Mrs. Duckworth with a look of motherly satisfaction. Then patting the blowzy head of the bright scholard, as she called him, she pointed once more to the difficult letter, and urged him to try again. “That’s a sweet boy, Dody, try once more—what’s that leetle critter that makes sweet honey—that stinged Dody on his nose tother day?”

"A wassip," answered the boy sullenly—"I'll kill him if he ever stings me again—by golly!"

"So you shall, my son—but that's not the little critter that makes sweet honey."

"What is it then, mommy? is it a bumbley bee?"

It should be observed that at this present exhibition of his knowledge, young Duckworth had not fought those numerous battles with the various tribes of wasp, bee and hornet, which afterwards not only gave evidence of his singular prowess, but enabled him with perfect ease to distinguish one race from the other—and to pronounce *instanter* which was the honey-making insect, and which was not. But to return to the reading—

Mrs. Duckworth, getting out of patience, exclaimed—"B—you dunce you!"

"B-e-e-ur, you dunce you!" repeated the boy.

"What a fine little fellow it is to read, aint it, Mr. Longgrace?" said the mother.

"He is truly an uncommon boy," replied the parson in his former dubious tone—"but no wonder," added he, "when we recollect what a mother he has."

"La! you mean to flatter, Mr. Longgrace," returned the mother, highly gratified.

"Not at all," replied the parson drily, "it does not become me to flatter, I assure you."

The darling child could not be persuaded to

look at another letter, until the promised pumpkin pie, backed by the two lumps of sugar, was put into his hands. After despatching the sugar, eating such portion of the pie as his appetite demanded, daubing a part of the remainder on his own clothes and those of the parson, and throwing the rest on the floor, he was induced by the promise of a new jack-knife, to proceed with his lesson. He got on without much difficulty as far as the letter G ; but here again he came to a dead set.

“ What’s that-are letter, my sonny ? ” repeated his mother for the third time. The usual “ I don’t know,” followed as often ; when the sagacious Mrs. Duckworth had recourse to the former method—of getting an answer to one question by asking another. “ What does your daddy say when he’s driving the oxes ? ”

“ Whoa ! gee ! haw ! Bright ! —Come here, Berry ! ” roared out the boy ; and began, with book in hand, to lay about him, first upon his mother and then upon the parson, as if he had been driving oxen in deed as well as in word ; and it was not without a good deal of difficulty, that he was brought back to the exercise of reading—having first nearly beaten his book in pieces.

The G being at length despatched—and the letter H passed over, as being too hard for present use—Mrs. Duckworth proceeded in the order of the alphabet, and asked—“ What’s that ? ”

“ I don’t know.”

“ Then pointing to her eye, she said, what’s this, Dody?”

“ Gray-eye, greedy-gut, eat all the world up !” replied the darling sprig of genius, repeating a certain vulgar saying which, among the children, used to be tauntingly thrown in the faces of such as had grey eyes.

Mrs. Duckworth smiling at his great wit and patting his head, exclaimed in a rapture—“ what a bright scholard it is, aint it, Mr. Long-grace. He shall have the jack-knife next time his daddy goes to the store. He need’nt read any more now—’twill hurt his pretty eyes.”

Dodimus was accordingly dismissed ; but insisted on having his jack-knife that very minute. It was in vain to urge that the store was at some distance, and that his father was in the field at work ; Dody persisted, and Mr. Duckworth was called from his work to go and purchase the knife.

It was some time after this, when young Duckworth had begun to spell, that he was again brought before the parson to show his proficiency. He could without much ado get along with easy words of one syllable—such as cat, dog, pig, and the like. His pronunciation, however, was for the most part peculiar to himself and bore no manner of relation to the rules of Sheridan or Dilworth.

"Come here, Dody," said his mother, "and let the minister hear him spell."

"I won't come now," said Dody, who had just caught a fly, divested him of his wings, and was looking for a pin to impale him. "I won't come now, mommy, till I stick this fly."

"You shouldnt torment the poor flies in that way," said the parson.

"I will torment 'em, as much as I please, mayn't I, mommy?"

"But, it's cruel to give pain to the poor creatures," persisted the parson.

"They aint none of your flies, Mr. Longgrace — they're our'n, aint they, mommy?" said the young Domitian sullenly.

"Pshsw! pshaw!" replied the feeling mother, "do finish killing your flies quick, and then come and let the minister hear him spell—do, that's a nice boy."

Dodimus was at length persuaded. But to spell out of the book, was out of the question. He had got his primer wrong end upwards, made his bow, and begun to fix his eye upon the page, when Mr. Longgrace told him he had better turn his book the other end up.

"I won't!" returned the precocious lad, in short terms—"I'll spell with just which eend up I please, mayn't I, mommy?"

This very reasonable request was rather unaccountably denied by Mrs. Duckworth, who insist-

ed on that occasion that the right eend was the right eend. The book being adjusted, Dody began—

“ M-a-n.”

“ What does that spell ?” demanded the mother.

“ I don’t know.”

“ Well, try again, and attend to the pronunciation.”

“ M-a-n, mug.”

“ Mug ! ha, ha, ha ! mug ! you silly coot you —don’t you know any better ? Try again.”

“ M-a-n, mouse.”

“ Worse and worse—who ever heard of a man being a mouse before ?”

“ Is it mouse, then ?”

“ Mouse ! no, it spells man I tell you.”

“ Why didn’t you tell me so before I begun’t ?” said Dodimus sulkily—“ and not keep me pernouncin all day ?”

“ A smart little fellow, aint he, Mr. Longgrace ?” said the proud mother, patting the boy’s head.

The answer of Mr. Longgrace is not on record. But whatever it was, it is certain that Mrs. Duckworth persuaded her son to go on with his lesson.

“ P-i, pi—p-e, pe—pea-pie.”

“ Pea-pie ! ha, ha, ha ! who ever heard of a pea-pie ?” said Mrs. Duckworth with a glance of admiration at the ingenuity of the boy.

"I don't know, mommy, who ever heerd of it—but here it is in the primer."

"You're mistaken, my sonny—you don't pronounce it right."

"How shall I pernounce it, then?"

"P-i-p-e spells pipe."

"Well, pipe then, and be darn'd to it!"

"Don't swear," said Mr. Longgrace.

"That aint sworin, is it mommy?"

It was somewhat of a nice matter to answer this question so as to give satisfaction all round. Mrs. Duckworth wished to be on good terms with the minister, to whose church she belonged; and even to appear before him in a saintly and orthodox light; at the same time that she was not disposed to admit aught against the morals of her son, or to acknowledge her own deficiency in his bringing up. And therefore she prudently answered—

"He didn't say you swore, Dody—he merely told you not to swear, which is very proper."

"I wasn't a going to swore."

"But the minister was afraid you would. And now remember, my son, never to be guilty of swearing, but when you come to those ugly words, skip 'em over, and say nothing worse than—Darn it! I snaggers! By gracious! and such like decent expressions."

"All such expressions," said Mr. Longgrace, "are useless and sinful."

“That’s very true,” returned Mrs. Duckworth, “but what would you have the boy say, when he wants to express himself in a manlike and sperited manner?”

“He should say nothing but what is right—the plain simple truth —”

“The simple truth! Indeed, he’s not such a simpleton as that comes to—he’s not a mere dummy. But come, my son, go on with your lesson.”

“H-e, he—n, hen—he-hen.”

“H-e-n, my son, spells hen. There aint no such things as he-hens, properly speaking—they’re called roosters or crowing biddies. Well, go on.”

“H-a, ha—t, — hay-tea.”

“Hat, my son. We never make hay-tea.”

“But you make catnip tea, mommy, and izaac tea, and nanny tea—I took some when I had the weazles.”

“That is excellent trade\* for the measles.”

“What, nanny tea! Ugh! it’s nasty!”

“But it’s excellent trade for all that. It keeps the measles from striking to the stomach. Dody would have died if he hadn’t took it.”

“Well, what if I had?”

“Why, then you’d been buried up in the ground.”

“I shoul’d’nt like that. ’Twould be all dark there, would’nt it? and then I could’nt see to

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\* A term used among the older housewives to signify medicine.

catch flies. What a big one there is on the window!" As he said this, he threw down his book and ran to seize his pray ; and no persuasions or promises could induce him to resume his lesson.

There was one branch of learning in which Mrs. Duckworth was particularly desirous her son should excel—and that was, the art of speaking. Though her determination was fixed to make him a doctor, nevertheless she was ambitious that he should be able to speechify, as she called it, with the best of mankind. She took unwearied pains to make him commit to memory certain pieces both of poetry and prose, such as she judged best calculated to show the powers and graces of oratory. But she rather gave the preference to poetry, as being best calculated for giving a thorough tone to his speaking ; and she taught him to drawl out the last syllable of each line as long as his breath would possibly permit.

Among her favorite pieces were the pathetic lines in the primer, ascribed to the pious John Rodgers—beginning thus :

"I leave you here a little book," &c.

These lines he was often called upon to speak before company—as Mrs. Duckworth assured her guests that Dody could speak like all nater ; that he had a voice like twenty trip-hammers ; that his pronunciation was as clear as a quill ; that his gesters were chockfull of grace ; and that in short, there was not a parson or a lawyer in the

whole country who could compare with her son in the natural art of speechification. For her part she believed he only wanted a little more practice to make him a perfect norator. She did not believe, she said, that Demogenes, or that tother norator there, Catcharogue, was any touch to Dody at his age. She moreover declared that if she was not fully persuaded that heaven had cut him out for a doctor, she should be inclined by all means to make a minister of him. But though he was to be a doctor, she could not help indulging the neloquent rogue in his remarkable perpensity to noratory.

She was particularly fond of showing off his talent at speaking before the neighboring matrons, to excite their envy ; and she was careful to embrace every opportunity of a tea-party, or other female assemblage, for this very laudable purpose. On one occasion, when a goodly number of the neighboring women had convened at her house for the purpose of telling the news, knitting, and taking bohea, young Duckworth was called upon by his mother to exhibit the uncommon powers of speaking wherewith nature, aided by her assistance, had endowed him.

The boy, though entertaining a marvellous opinion of his own spouting faculties, was by no means so fond of exercising them as his mother wished ; and it was oftentimes with no little difficulty that he was drawn from his mischievous

pursuits to the more important business of speaking. On this occasion, as usual, Mrs. Duckworth was obliged to call, and threaten, and promise for a long time, before she could get her darling to comply with her wishes.

At length, however, arrayed in his Sunday's best, he appeared upon the floor, and taking his station square and firm in front of the fair audience, with his toes turned out in the proper direction, and his arms held straight and stiff by his sides, he proceeded to make obeisance. To accomplish this in the most forcible and striking manner, he drew back his head as far as he conveniently could, then suddenly brought it forward with such a jerk as would have displaced any sconce less firmly set on than his. At the same time, his hands being held perfectly stiff, when he brought his head forward, darted out in the rear, in a style superior to any thing in the annals of the rostrum, either in ancient or modern times. The bow being happily accomplished without the loss of his head, the young norator, as his mother called him, next proceeded to raise his right arm, like the handle of a pump, and to flourish it up and down as a prelude to the flood of eloquence about to burst forth. After giving it such an impulse as would be likely to keep it in motion during the whole speech, he began:

“I leave you here a little *puke*,  
For you—”

"What! what is that?" interrupted one of the women; "does the young doctor begin to leave pukes already?"

Here Mrs. Duckworth smiled with an arch look, and told the company that the alteration from the words of the Rev. Mr. Rodgers was an improvement of her own making; that she thought *puke* sounded much more soft and harmonious than *book*; and as Dodimus was to be a doctor, she thought he could not be too early initiated in the language he would have occasion to employ in future life.

The women now burst into a loud laugh; and it is averred that one of them, in the violence of her cachination, let down a whole needleful of stitches; that another narrowed twice where she ought to have widened; and that a third, who was engaged upon a seamed stocking, knit twice round without seaming once.

And here I cannot forbear a passing word on the industry of the women of those good old times. Ah! how different from the present! Then a woman never so much as dreamed of going abroad without her knitting; and would as soon have appeared in a ball-room without her dancing pumps; or in church without her decent go-to-meeting face. Indeed knitting was considered in those days as a great promoter of social chat; and so far from interrupting the conversation, or the conversation interfering with

that, both were very much facilitated by the union. Certain it is that the knitting needles never went faster than when the tongue was in perpetual motion ; and the tongue never ran more glibly than when the needles were moving with all the speed that well-practised fingers could give them.

Methinks at this very moment I behold a goodly semicircle of active, industrious, and comely matrons, all knitting to the tune of a thousand words a minute ; their fingers kissing the needles with all imaginable delight ; and the stockings growing beneath their skilful touch, as it were by the power of enchantment—giving the comfortable indication to husbands and sons, and all concerned, of warm feet and unabated health. Methinks I hear their eager voices keeping time with the ever-during click of their needles ; allowing their ears no participation in the matter ; but wisely keeping them in close durance under the enclosure of their nicely-adjusted caps.

In those times knitting was to conversation what, in these degenerate days, the piano is to singing—an accompaniment to the voice—but with this essential difference, that all without exception could join in the enlivening music of the knitting needles—all could unite the harmony of their tongues with the profitable exercise of their fingers. But now the greater part must stand or sit like mute statues, while one or two

poor bodies have to do all the mouthing and fingering alone.

But to return to the thread of my narrative. We left the young orator sawing the air with his hand, contrary to the rules of Hamlet ; for though he had ceased speaking in consequence of the interruption of the ladies, his hand still kept its motion from the impetus originally given it. But he stood confounded at the want of taste and good manners in the audience ; and was very much in doubt what to do with himself—whether to continue sawing the air ; to use his hand in revenging his insults ; or to exercise his feet in taking himself off. At length he hit upon the most dignified course, and dropping his hand by his side walked off in resentful silence, without so much as deigning to bestow a parting bow.

No entreaties of the fair audience, whose curiosity was not a little excited by the specimen of oratory already received, could soften the young speaker's mind, who merely replied,—That if they wanted any more norations, they might speak 'em themselves, and be darned to 'em, for all him.

I cannot forbear relating one more instance of the remarkable precocity of Young Duckworth ; and with this I will close the present chapter. Master Switchem, the worthy successor of Master Spankaway, being one day uncommonly pressed for time, could not wait as usual for Dody to spell

out his reading lesson, but hastened him through by pronouncing the words himself, and directing the boy to repeat after him. The lesson was in a well-known book—and thus the master proceeded, followed by his ingenious pupil—

*Master.* ‘Zacehus he’—

*Dody.* ‘Zaccheus he’—

*Master.* ‘Did climb the tree’—

*Dody.* ‘Did climb the tree’—

*Master.* ‘His Lord to see’—

*Dody.* ‘His Lord to see’—

Just at this point of the lesson, a waggish boy beside him whispered—“And down came he.”

Dody, supposing this to be in his lesson as well as the rest, very honestly repeated—“And down came he !”

A shout of laughter now resounded from every part of the school; and the waggish boy, who had no idea that Dody was such a fool as to repeat the unlucky words after him, exclaimed, with mingled terror and vexation—“The devil rot him !”

The uproar was now now redoubled. The boys began to clap their hands with irrepressible glee, and to shout at the very top of their lungs; while the girls jumped up and down and screamed with excessive laughter—until Master Switch-em, fetching down his foot with the weight of a fifty-six, uttered in a voice of thunder—“Silen-

*tium!"*—the only Latin word he knew—and more than the pupils had ever been taught—but the purport of which they very shrewdly guessed from the striking commentary of the rod which not unfrequently followed.

At the word and the foot of Master Switchem, the roar of laughter was hushed; the noise of hands and of feet ceased; and only here and there was heard a half-suppressed tittering from some child whose risibility could not be so easily restrained. Poor Dody was now called to an account for the outrage upon truth, decency and good order, which had caused so disgraceful an uproar.

“*Dodimus Duckworth!*” said the master, in a voice that made the hardy blunderer tremble—“*come hither, and pull off your coat.*”

“*Billy Brunson told me to read it so.*”

“*Billy Brunson!*” roared out the master, “*what did you mean by telling him that?*”

“*I—I—I*”—stammered the trembling urchin—“*I didn’t mean nothing.*”

“*Didn’t mean nothing! what did you mean then?*”

“*I—I don’t know sir.*”

“*How came you to tell him so then?*”

“*I—I—I only said it for fun.*”

“*For fun! I’ll fun you with a witness, you young rogue you. Take off your coat!*” At the same time Master Switchem took down the

terrific rod from its repository on a couple of nails driven into one of the joists.

"I—I didn't mean no hurt. I was only in fun; and I thought Dody knowed better than to read as I told him."

"I'll make you know better than to tell him so another time. Take off your coat, I say!"

"I never wont do so again."

"I don't intend you shall. Take off your coat instantly!"

"I—I—I can't get it off," said the reluctant younker, apparently trying hard to doff his coat, but taking good care to keep it on—"I—I can't get it off no how in the world—it sticks on so."

"Then I'll help you off with it," said the master coolly.

Billy finding him in sober earnest, now as the last resort began to cry, and tears by no means were wanting to soften the heart of the offended master. But he was not to be thus overcome; and the young rogue in spite of his tears, entreaties, promises, and resistance, was divested of his coat and waistcoat, and belabored over the back, until his skin exhibited more stripes than the American flag. He was then ordered to resume his duds and take his seat—there to repent at his leisure of that unlucky waggery which had cost him so dear.

The scholars all liked Billy Brunson as much as they disliked Dody. But Master Switchem was absolute in his little kingdom; and it would

have availed nothing for the pupils to attempt to plead the cause of the culprit, however popular he might be held among them. But if they could not prevent the stripes of poor Billy, they could at least remember them to the disadvantage of the blundering Dody. "*And down came he!*" grew into a saying of reproach and ridicule, that never failed for a long time to assail the young Duckworth, especially when he made any false step, or committed any error that subjected him to the observation of his school-fellows. If he fell in running, leaping, or climbing, they shouted as loud as they could—"And down came he!" If he blundered in reading, or reciting his lessons, as he constantly did, they took every opportunity to whisper in his ear—"And down came he!" And so often was this repeated, and in a tone and manner so mortifying, that Dody would have given his jack-knife and all the rest of his personal property to be able to flog the whole school.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Mischievous Pranks of Dodimus—Hard Rubs in the Enactment thereof—Attacks on his Play-fellows—Retaliations—The Whirling Fork—The Mince-pie, with the Talking Bird—Burnt Fingers—Furious Speech of Mrs. Duckworth on the Occasion—The Concealed Well—A Foot Race—An Unlucky Victory—Anger and Malediction of Mrs. Duckworth—Her Views of Happiness in a Future State.*

AMONG the troublesome and mischievous dispositions to be met with in the world, there seem to be two kinds, differing very widely from each other, and exciting very different feelings and sentiments in those around them. The one, from a certain ingenuity, waggishness, and sly good humor, will often gain for its roguish pranks and unconscionable capers a degree of admiration—at all events will find some excuse or palliation. The other is of so coarse and brutal a nature, so devoid of all polish, ingenuity, or good nature, that its annoyances and vexatious outbreaks excite little else but hatred and disgust.

Of this description was the perversity of Dodimus Duckworth. It discovered itself in a thousand acts of mischief which had no redeeming quality or circumstance about them ; and were

rather calculated to excite abhorrence by their want of feeling, than admiration by their ingenuity. I have already mentioned his early fondness for torturing the inferior animals, and his practice of playing his vexatious pranks upon his fellow-creatures.

As he grew older, his mischievous propensity was exercised in breaking windows, throwing down fences, destroying young fruit-trees, taking up the plank from bridges, so as to break the legs of horses and cattle, and throwing stones at all sorts of beings, whether brute or human. At school, the noses and ears, especially of the smaller boys, were considered fair game; and many a tweak of the former has brought tears into the owners' eyes, and many a pull of the latter has made the little victims hellow out lustily with the very feeling of pain.

But Dodimus was, on the whole, no gainer by these pranks. If caught by the neighbors, as he frequently was, in breaking windows, or other mischief, they were not always willing to wait for the slow process of law for redress; but, taking counsel of their unrestrained feelings, would seize the culprit, and divesting him of his coat, enforce such present payment as, even in his own estimation, amounted to more than a just offset for all the pleasure his mischievous pranks had given him.

Neither did he, in the long run, succeed better

in his attacks upon his play-fellows, who sooner or later repaid him with interest—if not in his own coin, at least in such as served very well to balance the account. They considered him as the common enemy of all good feeling and good fellowship; and naturally entered into a sort of confederacy against him. Thus united, they had the advantage, not only in intellectual, but in physical power; though, in respect to the latter, they were not disposed to avail themselves of their advantages, but rather chose on their part a system of warfare depending on skill and ingenuity, than on the exercise of brute force.

The scene of this war of retaliation was frequently laid in their evening parties, when the young masters and misses of the neighborhood were convened in the homely, but hospitable mansion of the farmer, to crack nuts, eat apples, break-the-Pope's-neck, and engage in such other amusements as suited their time of life and the fashion of the age. Among their sports, it is positively averred that two or three were introduced, or at least modified, for the special purpose of punishing the unprovoked attacks of young Duckworth.

In one of these a table fork was stuck in the floor, and Dodimus was directed to retire into a dark room, and there rub over his face a certain cloth which was given him; and which he was told would produce such an effect on his

vision, that when he came again to the light, he would perceive the fork, of its own accord, set to whirling round. Dodimus having unsuspectingly retired, and given his face a thorough wipe with the magic cloth, which had been secretly rubbed over the chimney back, returned amidst the shouting, and hooting, and clapping of hands of the whole company.

"Well, Dody, do you see the fork whirl?" said one.

"Do you see the fork whirl?" said another.

"How do you like the looks on't?" said a third.

"Does it whirl pretty?" said a fourth.

"Why, darn it, it don't whirl at all," returned the disappointed youngster.

"You've got so much crock on your face, you can't see through it," said Billy Brunson.

"Look at your face! Look at your face!" shouted twenty voices.

Dodimus ran to the glass, and saw indeed that his face was as black as the ace of spades. "'Twas you done that, Bill Brunson," roared he, and sprang towards him like a tiger. But the rest of the company, both boys and girls, interposed their defence, and assured Master Dody that it was a project adopted in full assembly to punish him for his many instances of misbehavior. This was small consolation for being made the laughingstock of the whole company; but it

was the best the case afforded, and Dody was obliged to put up with it—threatening, however, to make his mother acquainted with the insult offered him; and moreover to take vengeance on the whole of his persecutors, should he ever be so fortunate as to catch them alone.

Another trick played upon Dodimus was, to persuade him to retire for a quarter of an hour, and repeat certain caballistic words which were prescribed; when, on returning to the room, if he did not find a table covered with a great mince pie, out of which a little bird should pop, and say, "Come, eat me—come, eat me,"—he might seize the tongs and lay them over the head of the first person he met.

This was an arrangement that tickled the fancy of Dody exceedingly—not so much because he had any faith in the wonderful bird, as because he longed for a favorable opportunity of breaking the heads of his playmates. He accordingly retired, and set to work faithfully repeating the hokus-pokus which had been taught him. The room was cold, and a quarter of an hour was a long time to wait; but he resolved to make amends for all, as soon as he should fairly get the tongs in his hands.

He called several times to know, if the quarter of an hour was not expired; and at last, after waiting twenty minutes, he was told the time was out. Forth he came, and not seeing any thing of

the wonderful pie and the talking bird, he marched directly to the fireplace, and seized the tongs with an air of triumph—alas, how short!—he dropped them instantly, and violently shaking his hand and blowing it alternately, he began to rave round the room, and to rear and bellow like a mad bull.

“What’s the matter, Dody?” said one.

“Did you find the tongs heavy?” said another.

“I dare say he did,” said a third, “for he dropped them quicker than you could say Jack Robisson.

“See how he staves round the room!” said a fourth.

“He’s looking for the great mince pie and the talking bird,” said Billy Brunson.

Dodimus for a moment forgot his pain in the bitterness of his vexation; and singling out with his eye the last speaker, he was about falling upon him with doubled fist, to take vengeance on his single person for the miseries inflicted on himself by the joint contrivance of the whole company. But Billy was protected, as well by the hands as the hearts of his playmates; and his more sturdy antagonist had nought to do but to rave and bellow as before; and threaten the direst vengeance, in case he should ever have an opportunity to execute it. He singled out Billy Brunson particularly, because ever since the joke he put upon him at school about Zaccheus coming down from

the tree, he suspected him to be the principal contriver of the plots against him.

My reader has doubtless already tasted the cream of this last joke, if cream it could be called to burn the unfortunate Dody's fingers nearly to the bone, with the tongs which had been heating during the long quarter of an hour in which he was shut up alone, saying hokus-pokus, in the cold room. He made the best of his way home, ever and anon plunging his hand into the snow, or shaking it furiously, to ease the smart. He entered the door bellowing with all his might; and linseed oil, scraped potatoes, soft soap, and all the household infallibles his mother could think of, were put in requisition to enable him to get a wink of sleep that night.

Mrs. Duckworth became nearly furious on this occasion; and uttered a most edifying philipic against the improper indulgence of children by their parents. She said it was astonishing to her, indeed it was, that parents would suffer their children to conduct so—a set of misbegotten, mismanaged, half-brung-up brats that they were! For her part she thanked heaven, that Dody had a mother who knew what was what; and that she had a son likewise who knew what was what. For all the other boys pretended to despise him and to make game on him, he was more superior by half than any on 'em, the lovely darling! Her neighbors would see the difference, that they

would, before many years, between her son and theirs. They'd see her son a doctor, riding full chisel on a fine fat horse, with his saddlebags under him, and his whip in his hand, and every body singing out—“*There goes Doctor Duckworth!*” And then what would their sons be? Nothing but plain despisable plough-joggers, bellows-blowers, mortise-makers, and such contemptible handicraftsmen as get their labor by the sweat of their brow.

Thus Mrs. Duckworth went on, to the great edification of her husband, and the great comfort of her son, whose hand took three or four weeks in healing. He was very sulky during this whole period; and could not endure the mention of the little talking bird and the great mince pie—which, however, the contrivers and executors of the plot were not disposed to let him forget in a hurry. Darnation seize 'em!” said he, “I wish to gracious I'd broke all their tarnation heads, when I had the tongs in my hand—and I would, if I ever should get catched in another such a darned scrape.”

Some time after this, the boys, in their rambles, having in a remote corner discovered an old well of no great depth, the existence of which was unknown to young Duckworth, contrived a plan to get him into it. They first slightly covered its mouth with brush-wood; this they nicely turfed over so as to prevent all suspicion of the hollow

bencath ; and having placed a goal on the top, challenged Dody to go with them to their new play ground, and take a foot race. Dody, though not the swiftest lad in the world, valued himself on his agility ; and he accepted the challenge with great readiness.

“ But where is the new play ground ? ” said he, “ I never see it.”

“ That’s because you’re so constantly engaged with your books,” said one.

“ Plague take the books ! ” returned Dody, “ I wish they was all in the bottom of the pit, and the man that made ‘em.”

“ Bottom of the pit ! what pit ? ”

“ Why the unbottomless pit to be sure, where mommy says the wicked go to and snash out their teeth.”

Pretty soon they came to the ground, and Dody stripped off his coat and spit on his hands for the race. Billy Brunson, John Conn, and two other boys were his competitors. For some time the whole five kept head to head, and it was not till very near the goal that young Duckworth was permitted to gain upon the rest ; when acquiring fresh confidence, and exerting himself most manfully, he came to the goal with an exulting bound and a shout of triumph, and found himself in the bottom of the well.

At first he thought himself actually going into the very deep pit he had heard his mother speak

about. But presently coming to solid footing, he began to cry out lustily, "help! help!"

"Where upon earth is Dody?" said one of his competitors.

"He's not *upon* earth, as far as I can see," said another.

"He's left us all behind in this race," said Billy Brunson.

"Who would have thought," said one of the other boys, who by this time had come up, "that that clumsy Dody would have beat the best runners amongst us all?"

"Help me out! help me out!" exclaimed the prisoner from the well.

"But what is more strange still," said Billy Brunson, "he's run clear off—there's nothing to be seen of him."

"Help me out! help me out!" resounded from the well.

"What noise is that?" exclaimed one, with feigned surprise.

"Oh, fie!" said another, "it's nothing."

"But it is though," said a third, "it sounds very much like the voice of Dody Duckworth."

"But where upon earth is he?" said a fourth.

"Help me out! help me out!"

"If that's his voice, he's *under* the earth, "I should think," said a fifth.

"Why, what an uncivil fellow he must be!"

said John Conn, "to take leave of us in this manner."

"He disliked our company I suppose," said one.

"And so down went he, and left us to mourn for him," said another.

The well, as I said above, was not deep; neither was there so much water in it as to endanger the life of the unfortunate Dody. The weather besides was hot; and it was believed a little cooling would not prove injurious to the wicked warm blood of the prisoner. The boys therefore were in no haste to help him out. Finding that cries for help were of no avail, he endeavored to scramble out himself. But the sides of the well were smooth and slippery; and he did not even succeed so well as the frog, which, leaping up three feet every day, fell back two every night. In fact the result of his labor was more like that of Sisyphus in the regions of punishment, who, though working constantly, as constantly is doomed to do his work over again.

Dodimus stamped, and raved, and swore; and on this occasion was not in the least particular to confine himself to the rules prescribed by his pious mother, in relation to the use of hard words. He vociferated as loud as he could bawl; he threatened to lick the whole tollock on 'em, if he should ever get out; he cried murder! murder! But all to no purpose; his persecutors were determin-

ed to exemplify the old saying, that none are so deaf as those that will not hear.

Finding that threats and cries of murder were of no avail, Dodimus betook himself to entreaties, and begged, that for mercy's sake they would help him out.

"Where does that noise come from?" said one; it sounds queerly any how."

"It sounds like somebody talking through a mouthful of hot hasty-pudding," said another.

"And yet where could a body get hot hasty pudding under ground?" said a third.

"Do help me out, do now," said the voice from the well; "I'll never plague nor torment none of you no more never, as long as I live, if you will."

"That sounds very much like Dody Duckworth's voice," said one.

"It is his as sure as rates," said another.

"But where can he be?" said a third.

"Look here," said a fourth, "as true as I'm alive here's a great hole in the ground."

"So there is," said another, "and it looks just like a well."

"All's well that ends well," said Billy Brunsom.

"Do help me out, do," entreated Dody.

"Ah, is that you, Dody, in the bottom of the well?"

"Do help me out; I'm e'en a'most chilled to death."

"Who would have thought there was a well just in this spot? it looked so smooth and even."

"If Dody hadn't been a heavy fellow, he wouldn't have broken through," said John Conn.

"Sin is always heavy," said another.

"I never'll plague none of you again, never, if you'll help me out," repeated Dody in a tone of entreaty.

"We have a particular regard for you, Dody; and we'll help you out with the greatest pleasure in the world, as soon as ever we can get a rope."

"Do get it quick then," said the prisoner.

"Our friend down below is in haste for the rope," said Billy Brunson.

"That's altogether unnecessary," said John Conn, gravely; "he'll find it will come soon enough, in the natural way."

Thus they cracked their jokes at the poor prisoner's expense; and when they thought him sufficiently cooled and humbled, a rope, which had been provided on purpose, was leisurely produced, and Dody was drawn safely out; fully convinced that his victory in the race was little better than a defeat.

When Mrs. Duckworth heard of this new trick played upon her son, her rage burst forth in the most approbrious language, of which she had abundance for common use, and a superabundance for particular occasions. Not content with calling the authors of her son's misfortune all to naught,

and wishing them all manner of miseries in this life, she extended her anathemas to the other world.

"A set of vile, good-for-nothing excreants," said she—"but it's some comfort that they'll have their punishment in the world to come; and I hope I shall live to see them yet all in a heap at the bottom of the unbottomless pit. Ay, 'twill be a nation sight deeper than the one they got poor Dody into. And then to hear them bawling to him for help, and calling him Doctor Duckworth; and he carelessly taking a pinch of snuff, and telling them he's got too many irons in the fire to burn his fingers with such chaps as they are. Ay, there will be some comfort in that."

After Mrs. Duckworth had run on in this manner until she was nearly out of breath, her husband ventured to reply, that possibly Dody might have deserved the treatment he received, by the tricks he had previously played on the boys; but that if the blame rested chiefly or wholly on them, he only wished them to repent of the evil and be forgiven, rather than to suffer in another world.

"Yes," replied his better half, "you're always taking part with your neighbor's children against your own flesh and blood; always praying that they may repent if they do wrong; always ready to forgive them, and wishing them to go to heaven, like a milk and water sop as you are. But

I thank heaven that I have more correcter views of a futer state of reward and punishments. For my own part, I should 'nt care a fig about going to heaven myself, if it was 'nt for the pleasure of seeing my inemis punished etarnally for all their rapscallious conduct in this present world. What pleasure can there be in going to heaven, if all the nasty nincompoops around us must repent and go to heaven too? I wonder in my heart, Mr. Duckworth, you'll ever think of mentioning such a heresy doctrine, when you know well enough—or ought to know—that the happiness of the elect, in the other world, is to consist mainly in witnessing the miseries of the reprobate."

## CHAPTER IX.

*Progress of Dodimus in his Studies—His Proficiency in Reading—His Penmanship—Anecdote in relation thereto—His Progress in Arithmetic—His Ideas of Carrying and Borrowing—Mrs. Duckworth's Satisfaction at her son's Proficiency.*

YOUNG Duckworth made such progress in his education, that by the time he was sixteen years of age, he could read tolerably well, by spelling the easier words and guessing at the harder ones. In regard to these latter, which are apt to occur now and then even in the best of authors, Dodimus followed the judicious advice of his mother: for instance, if he came across the word contiguous, to make it *contagious*; if indigent, to render it *indignant*; if encumber, to render it *cucumber*; if adumbrate, to call it a *dumb brute*; if noiseless, to render it *noseless*; if Capernaum, to call it *Cap'n Naum*; if cochineal, to make it *catch an eel*; and so on, getting over the hard words with very little difficulty.

In writing, as in reading, Dodimus had made no common proficiency. His penmanship was so remarkable that it would have puzzled the most expert lawyer to read it. For a long time it was doubtful if the efforts of his pen most resembled

pot-hooks or quail-tracks. To tell the truth, they did not seem to resemble any thing either in the provinces of nature or art; and the schoolmaster thought it necessary to resort to a kind of stratagem to ascertain what they should be called. Accordingly having one day directed Dody to write a specimen of his best; he ordered him to lay the paper, with the black marks thereon, by the road-side—being careful to put a stone on one corner to keep it from blowing away. The other pupils smiled, and glanced significantly at one another, as they heard this strange order; while Dody looked blank, and hesitated to obey. The master, however, was positive, and the order was executed.

A thousand conjectures now ran to and fro among the pupils as to the design of this measure. One whispered that the master was going to see if the hogs could make any thing of Dody's writing; another, that it was put out for the crows to correct; a third, that neither hogs nor crows would condescend to notice it. While they were proceeding thus, and all shooting wide of the mark, Barney O'Blunderbuss, a native of Erin, entered the door with the identical paper in his hand. Addressing himself to the master, he said—

“Axin your pardon, sir, but I take it you're the taicher o' this same?”

“This same what?”

"This same school o' your own, to be sure."

"That's a self-evident proposition."

"This is!" holding up the paper—"and I thought it was a bit o' writing to be sure."

"Of writing! What makes you think so? can you read?"

"Sure, it's I'm the boy that can do that same."

"Let me hear you read that paper."

"Axin your pardon again, I hav'nt got my spectacles amongst; and it's no aisy reading your fine hands with the nathural eye."

"Can you write, Barney?"

"The devil a bit can I write, Barney, or Judy, or any other man's name. How should I, niver having larnt, you know."

"Did you ever learn to read writing?"

"The devil a bit."

"Then how do you know that's writing which you have in your hand?"

"By Saint Patrick! aint that a pretty question now to be axin a jontleman that cant read?"

"But you have some reason for calling that a piece of writing?"

"Raison! to be sure I have. Is'nt it made of ink and paper, this same? and does'nt ivery body alive, and dead too, know that ink and paper makes writing?"

"It's decided!—the matter's decided!" exclaimed the master. "Dody, take your *writing*—for so, contrary to my fears, it is pronounced to

be by an unprejudiced judge, who never read a word of writing in his life."

Thus the design of the master's stratagem was now made manifest. The first man that came along had picked up the paper, and declared it to be a piece of writing. Thus was a doubtful point settled ; and thus was the superior wisdom of the schoolmaster displayed before his admiring pupils.

When Mrs. Duckworth heard of this famous affair, she broke forth into a prodigious passion against the master for offering such an insult, as she was pleased to term it, to the most promising youth in the whole town. As to the matter of penmanship, she did not wish her son to write a good hand like a schoolmaster, or a merchant ; and in her opinion it was no mark ither of a gentleman or a scholard, to write so that a body could read it. And for a doctor, who had to write inscriptions for his patients, it was altogether folderol to be at all particular about them things.

In arithmetic Dodimus was about equally successful as in reading and writing. He had got through the four fundamental rules. I do not mean that he altogether understood them ; but he had been through them, very much as a slovenly reaper goes through a field of grain, and beats down and entangles what he does not reap. In truth Dody reaped but very little. He could put together small sums in Addition ; but he could

never fairly understand the doctrine of carrying one for every ten. In Subtraction, the system of borrowing was a still greater puzzle. "If I borrow ten here," said he, "I only pay one there! Now that's queer. I should think the more proper way would be to pay 'leven—that would be allowing one for interest. Howsoever, I should like darned well to borrow money on this subtraction principle. I would'nt find a bit of fault with it, not I."

But there was another part of subtraction which he found it equally difficult to comprehend—namely, why it was that nought, taken from nought, should leave nought. He insisted upon it there should be a very considerable remainder. He was one day debating with himself over a case of this kind, somewhat in the following manner: "Nought from nought, there remains let me see—there remains—there remains"—

"Nothing, you fool you," interrupted one of his school fellows.

"There you're out," retorted Dody, "or thelse I'm no arithmeticianer. Take nought from nought, and there remains, six, or seven, I don't know which."

In Multiplication and Division young Duckworth also had his difficulties; but, as I said before, he had got through the four fundamental rules after a fashion. He had attempted each sum; he had set down the figures—if the indes-

errible marks he made could be called figures ; he had puzzled and scratched his head over them by the hour together ; and then, being satisfied with the amount of his efforts, he had rubbed the figures out again.

On the subject of her son's knowledge of arithmetic, as well as his writing, Mrs. Duckworth was very well satisfied. For her part, she said, she had no idea of making a matthewmattocker of her son. "It is," continued she, "only your plodding, flabbergasted, vulgar sort of chaps, who ever go deep into them are things; and when they get in, they can never find the way out again. Besides, matthewmattocks is amazing apt to stunt the genius of youth, and make them no better than so many stupefactions. I'm very thankful Dody has'nt a taste that way."

Of such, and similar grounds of thankfulness, this sensible and judicious mother certainly had sufficient to satisfy the wishes of any reasonable parent. In whichever branch she contemplated her son's progress ; whether in reading, writing, or arithmetic, she had no cause to grieve that he had been so much absorbed in either as to injure his health, or the faculties of his mind ; or in any way to unfit him for the brilliant course, which, in the eye of maternal fondness, he was destined to run.

## CHAPTER X.

*Close of the Preparatory Studies of Young Duckworth—His Mother's Resolution to place him with Doctor Whistlewind—Character of that Renowned Man—His Innate Skill—The Estimation in which he is held by the People—His General Knowledge—Doctor Lawrence—Preferred by Mr. Duckworth—Conjugal Difference on the subject—Triumph, as usual, of Mrs. Duckworth.*

DODIMUS had now attained the age of eighteen. During the two last years he had made such progress in his studies as his own disposition and capacity, backed by his mother's influence, would naturally afford. He had certainly added something to the stock of knowledge recorded in the last chapter. His reading was considerably amended, at least in point of fluency ; for, whereas he used to stop to spell the easier words, he now adopted the more expeditious mode of calling them, as well as the harder ones, as near the mark as he conveniently could ; and so leaving the author and the auditor to settle the meaning betwixt them. His penmanship too was a little improved ; for it was observable that his quail-tracks and pot-hooks had in sundry instances assumed the form

of letters ; and that these letters had actually, in more than one instance, congregated in the shape of words. In figures too he had gained something ; at least he assured his mother he had got as far as *confound* multiplication ; though the reasons for carrying and borrowing still continued to puzzle him as much as ever.

But the time had now come, when, according to the determination of his mother, he was to enter upon his professional studies. But of whom was he to learn the 'art, trade, and mystery' of being a doctor ? This was a question of some importance, both as it regarded the present convenience of the family, and the future reputation of the doctor that was to be. Mr. Duckworth could not bear the expense, and Mrs. Duckworth could not bear the thoughts, of sending him to a great distance. But it was not every medical man with whom the judicious mother would entrust the professional education of her son.

Fortunately there lived at Toppington, a distance of ten miles, the very man whom, of all the world, Mrs. Duckworth would have selected as the preceptor to her darling. This was no other than the renowned DOCTOR WHISTLE-WIND. He was famous, as the good lady expressed it, for doing mortal cures. There was not, as she averred, another doctor in creation who was any touch to him. He was, she said, not

only a skilful physician, but a most notorious sergeant. It would do one's heart good to see him cut and slash, mend and mar, wherever he went.

Doctor Whistlewind was indeed distinguished not only for healing all those disorders that were assailable by medicine ; but for mending a broken limb, or lopping off a sound one. He was the sole dependence of that region, for many miles round, in all matters of surgery ; insomuch that no person would venture to break a leg or dislocate a shoulder, without first ascertaining whether Doctor Whistlewind was at home, or so near that he might be had at a moment's warning. It was currently reported, and faithfully believed, that, in disorders of the head, he had more than once taken out the brains of a patient, washed them in brandy, and returned them to their place again, to the entire restoration of the patient's health, as well as the great improvement of his mental faculties.

Doctor Whistlewind, however, with all his fame was a man of no reading. But that circumstance did not detract in the least from his extraordinary reputation ; on the contrary, it tended greatly to enhance it : for it was the opinion of most people then, as it now is, that a man must be born a physician, otherwise he could never attain to any excellence in his profession, whatever his opportunities for study might be. If he possessed the native gift of healing, they

supposed no study whatever was necessary to prepare him for the exercise of his profession ; but that, armed with the innate power alone, he was enabled to do marvellous execution, against those troublesome fellows, disease and death.

As they were fully in the belief, that a man, who had the good fortune to be born a physician, stood in no need of study ; so they considered it as a fair inference, that whoever undertook to practise medicine without study, was indubitably born a physician.

The claims of Doctor Whistlewind were, in the opinion of his admirers, based on the only sure ground—namely, the innate principle. He was born a doctor. Indeed some would have it, that he came into the world with an amputating knife in one hand, and a pill-box in the other ; and that he nearly cut off one of the fingers of the presiding representative of *Lucina*, while she was in the act of introducing him.

To this strange report the reader may attach what degree of credit he pleases ; but one thing is certain—that Doctor Whistlewind was far more indebted to the prevailing opinion of his inborn medical skill, than to any knowledge derived from books, or from study of any kind. Nevertheless he had in his office a few odd worm-eaten volumes, containing something of anatomy, surgery, and the practice of medicine. These he had got together more by accident, than from

any design of collecting what might be called a professional library. And as they came together without design, so they were left without care, a prey to moths and mice, and covered with the dust and cobwebs of the office: for Doctor Whistlewind rarely had a bookish student; and as for himself he had too much confidence in the powers of his native skill to think of improving or adding to it by aught that could be gathered from authors, whether ancient or modern.

He was equally free from all taint of general science and literature. He was indebted for no part of his fame to such heathens as Euclid, Homer, Virgil, and Cicero; nor indeed did he pay any more regard to certain learned and scientific Christians, such as Sir Isaac Newton, Bishop Lowth, and John Locke. He thought no more of murdering the King's English than he did of lopping off a leg; and in the use of medical terms would coin and bring together the strangest apology for a language that ever was heard from the mouth of a human being. His miscellaneous library was even more meager than his professional; consisting of little else than the Complete Fortuneteller; a couple of volumes of old almanacs stitched together; and two or three pamphlets of Last Dying Confessions, with the wicked criminals dangling in a row on the title page.

Such was the renowned doctor, with whom Mrs. Duckworth was resolved to place her

mising son, to learn the art of healing ; or, more properly speaking, to finish it. For though she joined in the common belief of the innate existence of medical skill, and was fully persuaded that her son had brought that skill along with him into the world ; yet she believed it might be somewhat improved under the tuition of such a man as Doctor Whistlewind ; and that at all events the name of having studied with so renowned a master, could not fail of raising him several rounds on the ladder of fame at his first outset in the world.

In the town of Cornbury (in which, if I have not already, I might have said, resided the Duckworth family) there was a physician by the name of Lawrence ; a very worthy man, and well read in the healing art ; but as he did not pretend to more than he knew, he got very little practice. Mr. Duckworth would have been willing to place his son under the tuition of this man ; partly because he had a tolerable opinion of his talents, and partly because, in that case, Dodimus might board at home ; and thus considerable expense be saved.

But Mrs. Duckworth would not hear, for a moment, of such an arrangement. "What!" exclaimed she, "do you think I'm a nateral fool, to go for to put my son to larn medicine of such a muddle-headed, book-fumbling chap as this'ere Doctor Lawrence ; who would make him rend

night and day without any manner of cessation, until his eyes would be spoilt, and his brains turned topsy-turvy ; and he would come out in the end no better than a mere dummy ? No, I'm not such a fool as that comes to, Mr. Duckworth, I wouldn't have you think."

" But then you know," said Mr. Duckworth, " we might board him at home ; and you would have him under your own care."

" Ah, the darling !" exclaimed the affectionate mother, " I should like to have him under my own wing as much as you, and a great deal more, for that matter ; but I'm resolved, Mr. Duckworth, that he shall be a doctor that knows something ; and I'd rather have him a hundred miles off along with such a man as Doctor Whistlewind, than to keep him here at home with such an insignificant, unpertending character as Doctor Lawrence."

" But the expense of his board—"

" A fig for the expense," interrupted Mrs. Duckworth. " Who cares for the expense ? For my part, I'm really astonished that you should mention it. Hav'n't we got a farm ? and hav'n't you got hands to work on it ? Why, as true as I stand here, Mr. Duckworth, I'd sooner see you work your fingers up to the stump, than to have the edication of our only son spoilt in the finish of it."

Mr. Duckworth, who rarely ventured so far in

opposition to his better half, and had no desire in the present instance to draw upon himself the full fire of her artillery, thought it prudent to retreat. Perceiving him beginning to give way, Mrs. Duckworth boldly followed up her shots, and told him flatly that 'twas no use for him to say a word on the subject ; for if he should talk till the next week after doomsday, it wouldn't alter her mind no more than the barking of Jowler, not one bit nor grain.

"Nobady," continued she, "but Doctor Whistlewind shall have the doctorating of my son. On that subject my mind is fixed and unmovable, and has been ever since I heard of the many mortal cures perfected by the doctoer. Only think of Dody's being with such a notorious sargeant, where he can ride all over the country with him, and see him slash off the legs and the arms, and trappan the heads, and sew up cuts and gashes, and set mislocated bones, and do all them are sort of things ; and not set at home scrouched up over his books all day, just like a poer silly curmudgeon growling over a bone. And then when he comes to set up for himself, the people they'll naterally ax, Who did that are yoang doctor larn of ?—Why, Doctor Whistlewind, to be sure. Ah, true, I thought so the first moment I see him ; he has the very ways of the old doctor to a sniffen.—And then they'll send for him right-away ; and then his fortin is made."

## CHAPTER XI.

*A New Era in the Life of Dodimus—Celebrated by a New Suit of Clothes—Spinning Jennies of the Good Old Times—Sky-blue Cloth—Miss Mima Flash—A She-Tailor—Journey to fetch her on a Pillion—A Beastly-behaved Horse—Secret Resentment and Revenge of Miss Flash—Outfit of a Doctor's Student.*

A NEW era was now opening in the life of Dodimus Duckworth ; and it seemed both fit and proper that he should enter upon it with a new suit of clothes. He was now to cast the old slough of a farmer's son, and appear in the new skin of a doctor's student. Accordingly Mrs. Duckworth began to make preparations for this important change—declaring her son should be the slickest looking young fellow within ten miles.

In those days of industry and economy the farmers' wives used to manufacture with their own hands the fleeces which their husbands had sheared ; and seldom did any article of foreign fabric incase the limbs of the sturdy yeomanry. Both the inner and the outer garments were mostly the workmanship of domestic skill. There were no spinning jennies, except Jenny Grey Jenny Brown, and such other Jennies as wen

upon two legs, and exemplified the perpetual motion. The elder matrons sat at the foot-wheel and plied the distaff; while their daughters moved merrily to the ever-buzzing music of the tall spinning wheel. Every farmer's house had its loom; and every wife and daughter knew how to ply the shuttle.

In order to fit out her son in a style corresponding with the importance of the study he was about entering upon, Mrs. Duckworth selected the finest fleeces the flock had offorded—all of real patriotic native wool—not a fleece of merino among them—and for this reason, there was not a merino in the country. The fleeces were manufactured into cloth with all reasonable expedition; and the cloth sent to the clothiers to be dyed, fulled, napped, sheared, and pressed, to the last degree of finish. It came home of a sky-blue color, and exhibited the most dazzling gloss.

When Dodimus first saw it, he bounded three feet high, and declared it was the slickest cloth he had ever seen since the first day he was born. "This will do," said he; "this is a little touch above Bill Brunson's, though he has gone to college. I should like to see him, when I get on my new suit; and just whisper in his ear, as he impairs his own coat with mine, 'And down came he!' That 'll do my heart good. I ha'nt forgot yet how much I've been plagued and tormented by that nasty joke he put upon me; nor how he

got me into the well ; nor none of his other tricks. But Master Switchem gin him one hell of a licking, and there's some comfort in that."

"Tut ! tut ! Dody," said Mrs. Duckworth, "you should'nt swear."

"Tut ! tut ! mother," returned the obedient son, "I'm sure there's no swearing in that."

"But you should'nt say naughty words."

"No more should'nt Parson Longgrace. He says worse words than that comes to every Sunday."

"But he's a minister of the gospel, recollect."

"And I'm Dodimus Duckworth, recollect ; and soon to be a doctor."

"Oh, you little rogue, Dody, how you will always get round your mother in an argufication."

"I'm not so very little, I would'nt have you think nither. Why, I'm a head taller than you, mother, every inch on me."

"Well so you are, as true as I'm alive ; and I have fairly to look up to see you. Only to think of a mother looking up to her son !"

"Ah, you'll look up to me by and by, mother, in another guess manner than what you do now. I shall make a stir in the world yet. But, mother, who's to make my new clothes ?"

"Why, Mrs. Stitch I suppose. She's always made all our things."

"It's time for her to stop them, mother. She's

nothing but a mere botcher. I'd as lieves have Dinah Phillis make a suit of clothes for me."

" Well then we'll get Mima Flash to make 'em, if you infer it. She gets the newest fashions from Boston every two years; and she'll make 'em in style."

At that period the country towns of New England were not provided with male tailors; and the business of making men's clothes was monopolized by females. The custom is pretty nearly the same at the present day. There are indeed he-tailors settled in the most populous and thriving villages; nevertheless the farmers and mechanics mostly employ the she ones, and that on a principle of economy. They charge less than the men for making clothes; and being, in a majority of cases, unmarried, they are willing to go to the house of their employers and stay till the work of the family is finished.

It is not uncommon for these maiden tailors to measure a man for a suit of clothes, and for a husband at the same time. By going from house to house, they have fair opportunities of stitching themselves to the affections of the farmers' sons; and thus making up a suit for life. When this is done, the cares of a family oftentimes withdraw them from their trade; and the shears and the goose are resigned to the younger sisterhood.

It was settled between Dody and his mother, that Miss Mima Flash, the fashionable tailor,

should make his sky-colored clothes ; and Dody went to fetch her on a pillion. This was a common mode of riding in those days, and Mima did not object ; more especially as Dody, besides being an only son, was a well-looking fellow ; and Mima would have been willing to ride with him the world over.

But a very unpleasant accident happened on the road, which was no other than this. As they came in sight of a brook, the horse signified that he was dry, and must go in and drink. Having got into the edge of the stream, he intimated that the water was better a little further in, and that he could not drink until he had reached the middle. He had no sooner attained this point, however, than he began to paw, and presently laid himself down, with his double load, in the water. Mima screeched outright, and Dody came within an ace of swearing. But as the stream was not above knee deep, neither of them got drowned. Mima sat amazed for two minutes in the water ; then recollecting himself, she rose, bounded forth, and shook her petticoats ; while Dody endeavored to make the steed sensible by jerking the bridle, kicking his ribs, and calling him all sorts of ill names, that he had done a very unworthy action, and such an one as no respectable horse would be guilty of.

The animal now appeared very sensible of his fault, and willing to amend. He got upon his

feet, and shook himself also. But Mima declared she would never trust such a beastly-behaved animal again as long as she lived ; and that she was resolved to finish the journey on foot. As no intreaties could induce her to mount again, Dodimus declared he would walk also. Whereupon fastening the goose to one of the stirrups, he sent the horse before ; while he gallantly offered his arm to Miss Mima. She accepted it, and along they went, like two drowned rats just escaped from a cellar full of water.

Meanwhile the horse, feeling the goose dangling at one of the stirrups had set off at a round gallop, and was fairly at home before the dripping couple had reached half way. When Mrs. Duckworth saw him coming full speed, she screamed with all her might, and fell, very properly, into the hysterics. She had no doubt that her son was dead ; and that the horse and the goose were sent before to notify her of the sad catastrophe. But Dody arrived after a while as sound a nut, bringing with him Miss Mima Flash, equally sound, but in a very ill humor. The truth is, she half suspected Dodimus of being accessory to the misconduct of the horse, whereby she had got so disagreeable a soaking. She did not accuse him, but she resolved to keep the subject in her memory.

A change of apparel was soon effected ; and Dody and the she-tailor being both dry again, the

important operation of measuring for the new suit was begun. Dody was a tall stout youngster of his age, but as he was supposed not yet to have come to his full growth, his mother thought it prudent that his clothes should be made with a proper reference to his future magnitude. Thus instructed, Mima was warranted in leaving ample lee-way. But she wickedly exceeded her instructions ; being secretly resolved to punish the young man for the vile trick of the old horse. Accordingly she made the garments so as to stand out on all sides at a prodigious distance from the limbs of the wearer.

Dodimus first tried on the breeches ; and finding the legs like two meal-bags, he was very angry, as he had reason to be, and flatly told Mima she might wear them herself for all him.

“ Fie! fie! Dody,” said Mrs. Duckworth, “ talk about a woman wearing the breeches ! I’m ashamed of you.”

“ Then you’d ought to be ashamed of yourself, mother,” retorted Dody, “ for you wear the breeches.”

“ I !” exclaimed Mrs. Duckworth ; “ I wear the breeches ! You ungodly puppy you---you undutiful, ill-mannered son of a---”

“ What, mother ?”

“ You want to vex me, you do---you little rogue you,” said the affectionate lady, suddenly getting over her passion, and reaching up to pat her son’s head.

" You may well say I'm *little*, mother," said the strapping youth, who had now got on his whole new suit, " for my clothes fit like a shirt on a hoe-handle."

" Never mind, my son," said the mother coaxingly, " you'll soon grow to 'em ; it's a good fault, as the saying is to have clothes too large. Besides recollect, Dody, you're to study medicine and be a great man."

" That's true, mother, so I am ; and then I shall fill my clothes chock-full, I'll warrant you."

Thus the matter was settled without any farther dispute, and the new clothes accepted, *nem. con.* Besides these, other things were requisite to complete the young student's wardrobe. The new sky-colored suit was not be worn every day. Something of an inferior quality would serve for common occasions ; and yet it must be something above the every day wear of the farmers' sons. Fortunately he had a suit of what were once Sunday clothes, now a little the worse for wear, and somewhat too small. As to the latter defeat, Mrs. Duckworth said 'twas of no manner of consequence, for the new clothes were as much too large ; and therefore between them both they couldnt help fitting him exactly.

Dodimus having made no objection to this sound argument, Mrs. Duckworth proceeded : " And then, you know, your old clothes will serve

to presarve your new ones ; and meconomy is the first law of nater." All this being irrefragable, the old Sunday clothes were, without a dissenting voice, appointed to the office of an every day suit.

His linen (Hibernically speaking,) consisted of two woollen shirts, with cotton and linen collars, for every day wear ; and one Sunday shirt, composed of linen warp and cotton filling, spun and wove in Mrs. Duckworth's very finest manner. It had a cambric collar and wristbands, and a muslin ruffle of ample width.

Dody had likewise sundry pair of stockings ; both woollen and cotton ; both white, clouded, and clocked. He had also two pair of shooes ; one of cowhide, for common wear ; and the other of calfskin, for the church, and for ladies' company. Two three-cornered cravats of cambric ; two blue-and-white pocket handkerchiefs of domestic manufacture ; two hats, one of wool, and the other of ram-beaver napped ; a Sunday riband for the hair, and an eel-skin for week-days, completed his wardrobe.—I have been very particular about these things, because dress, in every age, makes the man ; and because I know that mankind feel a laudable curiosity to learn what sort of clothes such and such great men wore ; how they fitted them ; and other matters of the like import.

To complete the outfit of Dodimus, he was

next to be provided with a horse ; for the pupils of Doctor Whistlewind were rather accustomed to *ride* into medical skill, than to attain it by the harder course of study. Mr. Duckworth had but one horse ; and that one I have already introduced to the reader under rather unfavorable circumstances. Besides the ignoble trick lately played off upon Dodimus and Mima Flash, his general qualities were not those of a good saddle-horse. He would still, however, answer for the farm, where his swine-like disposition of wallowing in the mire could do but little mischief. But for a doctor to have a horse, which would every now and then give him a cold bath when he least wanted it, was no desirable thing. A new horse therefore was purchased for Dody ; a young, handsome, and spirited animal.

“ Ah, this will do,” said he, snapping his fingers with joy ; “ this will carry me over the ground like a very dragon.”

“ Oh, don’t mention that old serpent, I beg on you,” said Mrs. Duckworth ; “ it fairly makes me shudder and run all over with goose-flesh.”

“ Old serpent ! Why, did’nt you know, mother, that a serpent wa’nt a dragon ?”

“ Yes, but then a dragon’s a serpent—a winged serpent, with cloven feet, a forked tongue, and a sting in his tail. Don’t speak of him, Dody, I beg of you.”

“ Well, just as you say, mother; you know more about him than I do.”

## CHAPTER XII.

*A Journey to Toppington—Mrs. Duckworth's Parting Advice to her Son—Her Sage and Pious Observations—A Meeting and Conversation with Farmer Carter—Ditto with Parson Long-grace—Ingenious Mode of avoiding the Sight of an Acquaintance—Losing the Way—The Man in Striped Trowsers—No Proof that one is dead because his eyes are shut—Inquiring the Way of a Pedlar—Satisfactory Answer.*

EVERY thing was now in readiness for Dody's departure. His horse was ready saddled, and fastened to a hook at one corner of the house. He had on his sky-blue suit, his ram-beaver napped hat, his Sunday riband on his hair, and his calf-skin shoes with a pair of clocked stockings on his feet; while his every-day clothes were snugly packed away in a pair of large saddlebags. His mother had also provided him with some nice little things to eat by the way; as she observed ten miles was a long ride, and he might get hungry before he arrived to his journey's end. These eatables consisted of two or three sausages, a mince pie of moderate size, and half a dozen dough-nuts—*alias* nut-cakes—together with a reasonable proportion of bread and cheese.

Nothing more remained but to receive the

parting advice of his mother, which she gave him as follows: "Mind and take good care of yourself, Dody; and don't by no means hurt yourself with hard study. Many a promising young man has been spoilt by excessive implication; and the brightest buds of hope has been nipped to the very roots. Beware, my son, of such a cat-astrophe. I should never live to finish my days, if any evil harm should come to you by reason of undue implication to your studies."

"Never you fear that, mother," interrupted Dody.

"Mind and keep yourself smart and nice," continued Mrs. Duckworth, "and look like a man, especially on the Sabbath, and when you ride out with the doctor, or go a courting."

At the word courting, Dodimus put on a most manly air, drew himself up a couple of inches, stroked his chin to ascertain if the beard was starting; and swelled himself out to his utmost dimensions, to fill, if possible, the surrounding vacancies in his new suit.

Meanwhile Mrs. Duckworth proceeded "You're now old enough to be a man. You're eighteen, and a head taller than your mother. Don't be afeard of the gals; don't blush and look as red as a raw beefsteak in the face, every time you look at a young woman. But step boldly up to 'em like a man who feels his own consequence, and don't care a farden for nobody.

Don't stay to home scrouched up in the corner, looking like a singed cat ; and don't wait for the gals to come and court you, before you offer to go and court them."

Here she gave a contemptuous glance at her husband—supposed to be pregnant with certain recollections of former times—which having done, she continued : " Besides keeping a bright eye upon the gals, always remember to take your own part with the tother gender. Don't allow the young fellers to crow over you and make game on you, just as if you was a mere nonentity. Let 'em know you're somebody ; stand up for yourself, and they'll inspect you the more for it. Remember you're number one ; and do to others as they do to you."

" I always did that, mother, and more too. If they poked fun at me, I poked my fist at them ; and sometimes I poked my fist first. And then, as like as not, the schoolmaster, or some of the tother boys gin me a jofired licking."

" What I recommend, resumed Mrs. Duckworth, " is the true christian principle. Remember the Scripter says, that whomever does'nt stand up for himself, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infiddle."

" Well, mother, you know best," said Dody, with a most reverential air ; " but I wish you'd get through with your speechification soon, for I'm in a hurry to be off."

"What! you want to leave your infectionate mother, do you?" said the good lady, raising a corner of her checked apron to her right eye.— I am pretty positive it was her right eye; and the more so, because, as I am credibly informed, she was a right-handed woman, and therefore would be the less likely to wipe the opposite eye.

"Don't go for to cry, mother, and make a great fuss now," said the dutiful son, by way of consolation; "ten miles aint such a desput ways but what you'll see me again some time or another, if not afore."

This seemed to satisfy Mrs. Duckworth, and she went on with her advice: "When you ride out with the doctor, endeevor to look like a man; hold up your head, set straight on top of your hoss, and ride with sperit; and not go jogging along at a snail's pace, as your father does when he goes to church. Hold up your own head, and make your hoss hold up his'n too, and carry a tail, and look something like a hoss. In that way you'll show yourself to be somebody, and make all the people stare out of their eyes, and take notice on you, and say as you ride along— "That young doctor there is an uncorrigible smart feller. How he rides! What a gentlemanly hoss he's got under him! Well, the old saying is true, Like hoss like man, the world over."

"And now, Dody, take your mother's parting

blessing along with you. Remember all I've said to you. Go to church every Sunday, forenoon and afternoon. And don't snore if you should happen to get to sleep. It's very unchristianlike, and very ungentlemanly to snore at church. And be careful not to talk in your sleep, if you should get to dreaming ; because you might tell tales, and impose your secrets before the world.

“ Next to decent behavior at church, don't forget the golden rule of doing to others just as they do to you — ”

“ Just as *you would have them* do to you,” ventured Mr. Duckworth.

But this was too much for his better half. She flew in a passion, and called him any thing but a christian, for attempting, as she said, to insiplicate the Scripters. She wondered how he could be so persuming ; it was downright adultery. She thanked heaven she understood the nater of religion better. She had made it her particular study for twenty years ; and therefore she felt fully impotent to give advice on that object.

“ Howsomever,” said she, becoming a little more calm, and turning to her son, “ Dody is not such a fool as to pay any sort of intention to what you say.”

“ Come, mother, I must be off,” said Dodimus ; “ my new hoss, he's as oneasy as a fish out of water. Don't you hear him stomp and whinner ? He'll paw the house down, if I dont go quick. Good bye, mother ; good bye, father.”

"What, are you off," said Mrs. Duckworth, "you ungraceless rogue you; you want to get away from your mommy, you do. Well, sence you must go, take my benefaction along with you. Mind what I've said; go regular to church; keep a bright eye upon the gals; don't snore nor talk in your sleep; take care of number one; and dont spoil your eyes with hard study."

With this very motherly and judicious advice, Mrs. Duckworth parted with her son; Mr. Duckworth bade him Godspeed; and away he went. He had gone about forty rods when the considerate mother began to bawl after him with all her might, to know if he had got the sausages, the dough-nuts, and other eatables which had been provided for him. But this time, owing to the wind, or her son's impatience to hold on his journey, her voice was exerted in vain; though it had on more than one occasion been heard a mile.

Dodimus had not gone far when he met farmer Carter driving an ox-team, with a gad ten feet long. "Whoa haw, Buck! come here, **Golden!** what the mischief are ye 'fraid of?" said he, addressing his oxen, which began to sheer off a little, as it were to turn out for the young student; "what plaguy fools you are! Did'nt ye never see **Dody Duckworth** afore?"

"They're scar't at my new hoss, I 'spose," said Dody; "but he's as gentle as a lamb; he wont touch 'em."

"It aint the horse they're scar't at," returned the farmer, eyeing young Duckworth with a contemptuous look, "but the tother animal."

"What tother animal do you speak on?"

"Why, that one atop of the horse there, with the sky-colored meal-bags on. They aint used to sich things; they never seed any meal-bags, afore but what was made of swingle-tow, or some sich stuff. Whoa haw! come hither, Buck; dont be a fool. The meal-bags won't hurt ye, though they have got in 'em something else besides meal."

"Dont go for to poking fun at my new clothes," returned Dody, a good deal vexed; "there aint another such a piece of cloth in all Toppingtown, I dont care where the tother is. Besides I'm going to be a doctor now."

"You! haw, haw, haw!" burst out the farmer in a broad laugh, that made the hills ring again. "You going to be a doctor!—Whoa haw! come here, Golden.—" You going to study doctor's stuff! haw, haw, haw! That beats my notion all to pieces. I should as soon think of sending my off ox to larn to be a doctor. What fool's notion is that?"

"Why, mother's to be sure. She says I have a nateral turn that way; and that I was born to be a doctor."

"Your mother's a fool."

"Well, that's none of my bread and butter."

"Come here, Buck! Whoa haw, Golden!—Go home and tell your mother to give you a good thrashing, and set you to work."

"My mother thrash me! 'twould take a man to do that."

"Whoa haw!—I wish I had the doctoring of you for one month; I'd make you sing to another tune.—Whoa haw!—And so you're going to larn doctor's stuff, ha?"

"Yes; I've set out now to go to Doctor Whistlewind's that I'm going to study of. But I must 'nt stay here talking; I've ten miles to ride to-day. Good bye, Mr. Carter; you'll see what I'll make one of these days."

With that Dodimus put forward again; while the farmer, having got his oxen once more into the track, also went his way—muttering, however, something between his teeth about fool, lazy dog, spoilt child, hen-hearted father, beldam of a mother, and the like.

The morning was pleasant; and Dody, putting his steed into a round trot, went forward with alacrity, full of agreeable anticipations, and well satisfied with his prospects. The words of the farmer were not over and above agreeable to him; but he possessed that sort of temperament, and that invincibly good opinion of himself, which prevented the opinions of others, however contrary to his own, from producing any lasting effect on his mind. The farmer was a shrewd old fel-

low, to be sure ; but then his mother was shrewd too ; and she had always, from his very infancy, inculcated upon his mind, that he was a nation smart boy—a lad of extraordinary parts. The boys at school and the girls had sneered at him for a blockhead ; but that was all owing to envy ; it was like a puppy barking at the brightness of the moon. Then may be his boyish pranks had gained him the ill will of his play fellows ; but he had done with them now ; he had become a man, or thereabouts ; he was old enough to go a courting ; and then he must act up to the dignity of his station, as a student of Doctor Whistlewind's ; he must not disgrace his cloth ; in fine, he must let the world know that he was somebody.

Just as Dody had finished these reflections, he met Parson Longgrace, jogging forward leisurely on the old sorrel steed which he had ridden for the last twenty years. Dodimus reverentially doffed his hat ; for however unmannerly he had grown up in respect to others, he had been taught that it was little less than downright impiety to keep his head covered in presence of the minister. But, bating this necessary mark of reverence, it was no part of his design on the present occasion to exchange courtesies with the parson. And this for two reasons : in the first place, he did not like to be detained on his journey ; and in the second place, he had so often heard the preachments, as he called them, of Parson

Longgrace, that he thought he had got enough for one while.

But the minister was not to be got rid of so easily. "Well, young man," said he, "whither away in such a hurry this morning?"

"I've got a great ways to ride to-day," said Dody; "I've got to go clean to Doctor Whistlewind's. So I wish you—"

"Doctor Whistlewind's! ha! what's that for? Who's sick? whose bones are broke? your mother's?"

"No, sir; they're sound as a roach, and tough as whalebone—at least they was half an hour ago. You don't catch my mother to break her bones, until such times as I'm ready to set 'em. I'm going to be a doctor."

"Well, I'm glad to hear there's nobody sick, nor hurt. So, you're going to be a doctor, ha! And whom are you going to study with?"

"The greatest doctor in creation."

"Then you'll cross the Atlantic?"

"Oh, no, I sha'n't cross any large river. I shall merely go over Little Cawnawitchet; and there aint no danger in crossing. The water aint above knee-high to a toad, and there's a good new bridge."

"But when I spoke of your crossing the Atlantic, I thought you were going to study with John Hunter or Doctor Cullen, at least."

"Whew!" whistled the young student, "who

ever heerd of them—are chaps? I never did afore, and therefore they can't be no great things. But Doctor Whistlewind, he's known from one eend of the Countenance to the other."

"Oh, ho! it's Doctor Whistlewind then you're going to study with?"

"To be sure. Who in the world should a fellow study with, that means to be any thing? John Gunter and Doctor Mullen! Well, that's a pretty joke, I'll be blistered if ta'nt. No sir, I'm going to larn of another guess man than that comes to. I'm going to larn physic and surgery both. Doctor Whistlewind's a notorious sergeant, as mother says."

"He is rather notorious, to be sure," said the Parson, drily.

"That's what my mother says; but I must be going, or I sha'nt get there to-day."

"What, you're on your way to commence your studies then?"

"Yes; I've got a new hoss here, as I 'spose you've noticed afore; and I'm going right on now to commence a beginning."

"I hope you've sown all your wild oats."

"Oh, as to that, Mr. Longgrace, I never sowed an oat in my life, nither wild nor tame. Father would'nt never trust me to sow, because he said I'd scatter the grain all in heaps; and mother would'nt let me sow, because she said 'twas too hard work, and would stunt my growth."

“ You don’t understand me. What I mean by wild oats is—”

“ They’re pesky bad things, father says among the grain.”

“ There he’s right. But what I mean by wild oats is, bad conduct, idleness, misimprovement of time—”

“ Oh, if you’re going to preach now, Mr. Longgrace,” interrupted the graceless youth, “ I’m off in a giffin. I’ve got ten miles to ride to-day, and the sun’s getting up like fury. Any other time when—”

“ Now’s the accepted time—and now—”

“ Good bye, Mr. Longgrace; give my love to mother, if you see her first; and tell her how you met me—”

“ On the road to destruction,” groaned the Parson, while he rode one way and Dody the other.

The young man now held on his way at a pretty rapid pace; being resolved, whomsoever he should meet, not to see another human being until he had got beyond the bounds of his native town, lest some other of his old acquaintance should detain him in conversation, as the farmer and the parson had done. To carry this resolution into effect, he hit upon the ingenious mode of riding with his eyes shut.\*

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\* A friend of mine suggests that this account may possibly be considered by the reader as somewhat apocryphal. Were I wr-

He got along for some time without any accident ; for the horse had sense enough to keep the right road, as long as there was but one. But coming to where two roads met, he most unadvisedly took the wrong one. He kept on this route at a swift pace, Dody in the mean time being resolved not to open his day-lights until he should be pretty certain of being fairly beyond the borders of Cornbury.

How long he might have continued this voluntary blindness is now uncertain ; for he was at length aroused by a voice loud enough to wake the seven sleepers. He started, opened his eyes, drew up, and saw a man, in a striped frock and trowsers, beside the road mending fence.

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ting fiction, instead of history, I might perhaps be afraid of the same result ; inasmuch as those who rely upon their invention for a story, hold themselves especially bound to "keep probability in view." But the sober historian has no occasion whatever to affect so great nicety.

In regard to those—should there be any such—who may doubt the truth of the particular point before us—who knows but they may take it into their heads in like manner to question the authenticity of this entire history? To such sceptics I have nothing to say. They might be disposed even to doubt the account of the fishes that came ashore to hear the preaching of St. Anthony ; or that of our countryman, Rip Winkle, who slept twenty years ; or, indeed, that of any other well-authenticated and most indubitable event.

That Dedimus Duckworth lost his way on this famous journey, we presume no one, in the least acquainted with the records of his life, will pretend to deny. As little will any one assert that this would be likely to happen with his eyes open. The only question then seems to be, how came his eyes to be shut? Some suppose he fell into a sort of reverie, or day dream ; and that from dreaming with his eyes open, he at length began to dream with them closed. But we have contented ourselves with placing in the text the generally received account, and that which is very faithfully believed by all the inhabitants of Cornbury, Crincumpaw, Toppingtown, and the places thereabouts.

"Did you speak, Mister?" said Dody.

"Yes," replied the fellow, with a grin, "I thought you was dead, and I was jest calling for help."

"Now that's one darned lie," returned Dody. "Did you ever, in all your life, see a dead man riding hossback?"

"Not before," returned the fellow.

"Well, before or behind, sir, I'd have you to know," said Dody, with dignity, "that I am not dead; and, what's more, I ha'nt been dead at all. I'm a young doctor, that is to be; and it's very impotent in you to take such liberties."

"I didn't mean no harm," said the fellow; "but seeing your eyes closed, I very naterally concluded you must be dead."

"That's no reason at all. Can't a man keep his eyes shet on the high way, without being obliged to look at every blackguard he meets?"

"Blackguard!" exclaimed the fellow fiercely, and stepping toward the horseman with a heavy stake in his hand.

"Put down that-are stake," roared Dody, "and darned suple too, or I'll give you the tarnationest licking you ever had in your life."

"You must grow so as to fill up them-are clothes first," returned the fellow with a malicious grin; but prudently dropping the stake, as he saw the resolute air of the strapping young doctor, that was to be.

"Now go about your business," said the latter with a look of command ; and don't hereafter go for to take it into your head, that every person you meet is dead, just because he ha'nt got his eyes open."

In this manner having supported his dignity and maintained the honor of his cloth, he put stick to his horse and rode on. But pretty soon it occurred to him that the way was new ; and that while he had his eyes shut, the horse might possibly have taken the wrong path. And yet again that did not seem very probable, for he himself had been more than once to Doctor Whistlewind's, and knew the way as well as the road to the mill. How then, as he reasoned to himself, could his steed mistake the path, when backed by so intelligent a master, even though his eyes were shut, seeing that the eyes of the horse were open ; and seeing also that one pair of eyes were abundantly sufficient to guide any two creatures so closely connected as horse and rider, in the widest roads in New-England ?

"Now," said he, "we'll suppose a case : I ride a blind hoss ; but I can see myself, and therefore I guide him in the right road. Then again, on the tother hand, we'll suppose I'm blind and my hoss can see ; had'nt he ought to guide me the right way, the same as I did him when he was blind. It's a poor rule that won't work two ways at the same time."

Thus Dodimus came very near falling into a syllogism, though he had never heard of such a thing as logic in his life. Which shows plainly that mankind are logicians by nature; and that all the rules of Burgersdicius, Thomas Aquinas, and the rest of the gang, are utterly superfluous, and no better than so much learned lumber.

Notwithstanding this famous argument, however, in which Dody could not for the life of him discover any flaw, he was not perfectly satisfied respecting the road. At all events he deemed it prudent to inquire, which he did of the first person he met. This happened to be a pedler, laboring forward with a pack.

“Do you live hereabouts?” asked Dody.

“Yes sir,” returned the pedler, “I live all along here.”

“Then you must know the way of course. Will you be good enough to inform me what road this is?”

“What road? Why, it’s the straight road I believe.”

“I see ‘tis; but which way does it go?”

“It goes both ways, sir.”

“Both ways! how can that be?”

“Why don’t you see, it goes this way and that way?”

“But where does it lead to, I mean?”

“Lead! Oh, sir, it does’nt lead any where. It does’nt stir an inch.”

“ But where will it take me to, if I keep on?”

“ Why, it will take you to the end of it, if you keep on far enough.”

“ Do you know Doctor Whistlewind?”

“ Can’t say I do.”

“ What! not know Doctor Whistlewind?”

“ No.”

“ You’ve heerd on him, I dare say?”

“ Can’t say I have.”

“ What! not heerd of Doctor Whistlewind?”

“ No.”

“ Then you must be one tarnation fool. I despise the man that ha’nt heerd of Dr. Whistlewind. Why, sir, I’m a going to study medicine along with him ; and I’d give fourpence happy if any body could assure me this is the correct road.”

“ Give me ninepence, and I’ll do it,” said the pedler.

“ Agreed,” said Dody, “ for I’d rather pay ninepence than to go all the way back.”

“ I was merely joking before,” returned the pedler ; “ but I now assure you, for ninepence, that this is the very road.”

Dody paid over the cash, and each man went his own way.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*The Journey continued—The Deaf Old Lady—Julius Cæsar and Cato—Mr. Earsplitter—Very clear Direction of the Way—Punishing a Horse for the Fault of his Master—Rencontre with a Teamster—An Attack on the Eatables—Straying into a Meadow—Conversation with the Owner—His Hospitality.*

THE student pursued his course without farther interruption until he supposed he must have travelled at least ten miles. But he had not yet reached the house of Doctor Whistlewind; nor had he even crossed the Little Cawnawitchet. This latter circumstance staggered him exceedingly. He knew the Cawnawitchet was, or ought to be, about the middle of his journey. Was it possible he had crossed that stream, and even passed the doctor's house, while his eyes were shut? If so, then he must be far beyond the end of his journey, and every step he advanced was but taking him so much out of his way.

He had recourse once more to inquiry. Having thus far met with little civility from his own sex, he resolved to try the courtesies of the other. Whereupon turning up to the first house he saw, he inquired of an old lady in a strap-cap, quilted petticoat, and checked woolleu apron, how far it

was to Doctor Whistlewind's. The good woman answered him kindly enough ; but, in something of a loud and cracked voice, informed him she was a little hard of hearing, and could not distinctly understand what he said.

Dody repeated his question in a louder voice ; and the old lady having caught the sound of the doctor's name, inquired eagerly who was sick, dead, dying, or had their bones broke ?

" Nobody a'nt sick, nor dying, nor got their bones broke, as far as I know," returned the youth ; " but there's a great many people dead aforc now."

" Who's dead, did you say ?" raising her voice to the highest key, as if, by speaking very loud herself, she could the better hear what was said to her.

" Who's dead ?" replied the precocious youth, " why, Julius Cæsar, and Cato, and—"

Ah ! are they dead ? Well, we are all mortal ; we must all go sooner or quicker. That Cato was a very old nigger."

" Nigger ! Oh, no, woman alive, Catò wa'nt no nigger ; he was a white man, and lived at Rum."

" A white man, and lived on rum ! Did you ever—"

" No, ma'am, I never see him ; but Master Switchem used to tell all about him."

" A fig for your Master Switchell, and you too. Why, I've known Cato this fifty years ; he

was as black as my calamink shoes; and belonged to our minister, the good Mr. Earsplitter, that's now dead and gone. Ah, the dear heavenly man! what a voice he had. He used to lay down the doctrine for good. I could hear him clear to the tother eend of our meeting house, as deef as I am. But we shall never get another sich a minister," continued the pious old lady, mournfully shaking her head. "Our ministers now-a-days are mere babies compared to him. But he's gone to heaven, poor man; and I hope Cato'll find him there. He was a good master to Cato, and gin him free when he died. But I can tell you what, young man," said she, assuming a severe countenance, "Cato never lived on rum in all his life. He was as sober, stiddy a nigger as ever wore wool; I never see him the least grain diskized with liquor since the day I was born, never. He was a sober pious nigger, and belonged to our church; and ta'nt right to go for to slander him, now he's in his grave, though he was black."

Dody heard her patiently through this edifying speech; and then, in defence of the historical faet he had just advanced—of Cato's having been a white man, and having lived at Rum—he answered coolly—"All what you say may be true about *your* Cato, for what I know; he might a been as black as my hat, and belonged to Parson Earsplitter, and all that. But *my* Cato was

another guess character: he was a white man, and lived at Rum—and so did Julius Cæsar—or else our schoolmaster told a darned lie."

The old lady caught now and then a word of this; and not being disposed to dispute the case of Cato any farther, she merely asked when Julius Cæsar died. This was rather a poser for the medical student, who, when he asserted the fact, had no idea of being questioned as to the time when it happened. He was, however, not one those persons who think that no answer is better than a poor one; and he resolved on sending his bolt, hit or miss. Wherefore he replied—

"Julius Cæsar—when did he die? Oh, 'twas about a hundred years ago, that. He was run through, in the capital hall, by one Brute."

"What a beast he must a been! He'd ought to had his horns sawed off—to kill a man in that manner. I recollect my poor cousin Jeddiah was killed in the same way. He had his in'ards let out by a nasty cross beast of a critter. You never see sich a shocking sight since you was born."

"It's nothing to what I shall see though, one of these days. I'm a going to larn surgery of Doctor Whistlewind."

"So I think too," replied the old lady, who did not distinctly hear what he said. "If my poor cousin had a had Doctor Whistlewind, he never would a died. But, poor fellow, he got killed

afore Doctor Whistlewind was ever thought on. I'm told he does amazing cures ; and has, more than a thousand times, took out a person's insides, washed them in sperits of tolymylollygus, I think they call it, and put them back again, and the person has lived and done well."

" Oh, yes, he's done greater cures than that besides," returned Dody ; " but can you tell me whether this is the way to his house ? "

" What are you going there for, if there a'nt no body sick, nor hurt, nor nothing ? "

" I'm going to larn to be a doctor."

" The massy on me ! What, sich a little young thing as you, going to be a doctor ? "

" I a'nt so desput little nither," replied the youth manfully, and rising up straight in his stirrups at the same time ; " but will you be good enough, granny, to tell me which is the right way to Doctor Whistlewind's ? "

" You must turn straight about," said the accommodating, good woman, " and keep right on afore you until you come to the first left-hand path. There you must turn off ; and after going about a quarter of a mile, you must turn again, first to the right and then to the left ; and then follow the road straight on through all the crooks and turns, till you come to the Forks of the Little Cawnawitchet—".

" What ! " ha'nt I crossed that stream yet ? "

" I don't know, I'm sure, whether you've

crossed it or no ; but it lies right on your way to Doctor Whistlewind's."

"And when I've got to it, which way must I go?"

"When you've got to it, you must cross it over ; then keep on straight forward about half a mile, and the first house you come to is Crin-cumpaw meeting house. You will leave that to your left hand ; and when you reach the top of the hill, you will see where three roads meet. You must take the middle one, which will lead you to Deacon Hopper's mill, where the roads cross. Take the right hand one, and don't turn neither to your right nor left, till you come to the main road ; and that will take you straight forward to Doctor Whistlewind's."

With this very clear direction, Dodimus wheeled his horse about, thinking to himself: The devil is in it if I miss my way now. What a fine thing it is to meet with a person that will direct you properly. That lying pedler there got a shilling out of me just for telling me wrong. But if I ever have the setting of his bones, I'll make 'em crack, by the holy spoon. But stop—hadn't I better go back and ax the old woman how fur 'tis to Doctor Whistlewind's? No sooner thought than executed. He wheeled again, and in an instant was thundering at the old lady's door.

"What, have you lost your way so quick?" squalled the melodious dame.

"No, ma'am ; but I just come back to ax how fur ,tis."

"It,s eleven miles and a half. Some calls it twelve ; but my husband used to say ,twas,nt a bit more than eleven and a half. ,Tis but a step as ,twere ; you,ll get there afore night, if you pull on."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the young man wheeling a third time, and putting his horse to its full speed.

"How the critter rides!" said the old woman, gazing after him till he was out of sight—"he,ll break his neck yet, and then there,ll be work for Doctor Whistlewind, in good airnest."

Saying this, she entered the house, while Dody vexed at having come so far out of his way, rode furiously—jerking his steed with the bridle, kicking his sides with his heels ; and beating his head, haunches, and flanks with a stick, in order to punish him for having lost the way while his rider's eyes were shut. "Darn you!" said he, "I'll teach you to take the wrong road next time, you darned etarnal fool you! Don't you know any better than to carry a fellow a dozen miles out of his way, just because he happens to shet his eyes a minute? You,re a pretty hoss, a,nt you, for a doctor to ride ! Supposing he should happen to get asleep, after being up all night, where would you go to then, you half-witted, insigificant toad you ? But I'll larn you to behave,

if there's any larning to you; I'll beat your brains out, but what I'll make you know something."

Thus he went on abusing his horse both by words and blows, for what happened solely by his own fault. He had of late, however, amended in some degree from the wanton cruelties of his younger years; and in thus ill-treating his steed, he only did as a thousand others do, who inflict pain, and sometimes death, on their faithful domestic animals, for not happening in all cases to possess more intelligence than their masters.

While the young doctor, that was to be, was still in the act of giving this horse-lecture, illustrated with cuts, he was met by a stout looking teamster, who, drawing up his corn-fed bays, asked him what the devil he was about?

"What am I about, Mister? Why, I'm just teaching my hoss."

"The devil you are! He knows more than you do now. Let alone beating him, if you know what's good for you."

"Hoity-toity! Mister—he's my own hoss," said Dody, contemptuously, and putting on the stick harder than ever.

"I don't care," returned the teamster, in a very determined voice, "whose horse he is; but one thing I'll let you know, if you don't leave off beating him, I'll strip off them-are sky-colored things of yours, and give you the cursedest dress you ever had in your life."

" You'd better try it, may be?" said Dody stoutly, and still laying the stick over the horse's ears.

The teamster leaped from his wagon, and taking the youth by one foot, in a twinkling laid him sprawling on the other side of his horse. He was now about to commence the undressing, in order to apply the dressing ; when Dody scrambled upon his feet, and began to show fight. The teamster admiring his spunk, though far from approving of his mode of teaching his horse, told him, it would be a pity to flog so decent a looking young fellow as he, and all because he would not desist from abusing that fine horse of his.

" A'nt he a notorious fine animal?" said Dody, at once dropping his fist and turning to look at his horse, which stood panting by the roadside, covered with foam and marked with stripes. The sight seemed to bring back his better feelings. Going up to him and patting his neck, he said, "'Tis too possed bad, a'nt it, to lick a hoss so ; and such a fine hoss too ? I'd give twenty dollars now I had'nt done it. But I was so darned mad, when I first found how he'd fetched me such a fired ways round, that I could'nt help licking him. But I'm sorry I put it on so hard now. Poor critter, I'll give you some oats to-morrow ; so don't mind it."

Seeing the youth in this disposition, the teamster mounted his wagon and drove on ; while

Dody, getting once more upon his horse, also proceeded on his way. In the midst of his fury, he had not forgotten to turn to the left, as the old lady directed ; and thus far he was on the right road. He continued so for some distance ; he made the two next turns according to the direction of the old lady in the strap-cap ; and was proceeding straight on, as she had expressed it, through all the crooks and tuvns, towards the Little Cawnawitchet.

But beginning by this time to feel the demands of appetite, he thought he could not do better than attack the eatables which his considerate mother had so kindly stowed away in the saddle-bags. As the day, however, was wearing fast, he did not think it advisable to dismount ; but rather to continue on his journey and eat as he went. Wherefore, unbuckling the saddlebags, he took out a sausage and a large slice of bread, and laying the bridle over the horse's neck, began to eat with remarkable industry and zeal.

As he kept both hands in full employ, attending to the demands of his jaws ; the horse, left to his own management, went forward at his own pace ; every now and then stopping by the side of the way to crop some little spot of herbage that seemed inviting to his taste ; for he too, as well as his master, was beginning to get an appetite. Thus he continued for some distance, when espying an open pair of bars, he

took it into his horse's head, that there might be better picking in the adjoining field ; whereupon, without debate, he turned in, and began to crop the grass here and there, in such spots as the early spring had brought it forth in most tempting luxuriance.

As Dodimus was most actively engaged in bolting mouthful after mouthful of his repast, he did not perceive that his horse had left the road, but imagined all the while that he was proceeding directly towards the Forks of the Little Cawnawitchet. Enjoying himself in this manner, he had despatched the sausages and was beginning to make pretty deep inroads into the mince pie ; when he was awakened from his reverie by a voice calling out to him—

“ Hullo, Mister ! which way are you travelling, if I may be so bold ? ”

“ To Doctor Whistlewind's,” returned the youth, without taking his eyes from the mince pie or slackening the operation of his jaws ; “ I'm going to larn to be a doctor myself.”

“ But this is'nt the way to Doctor Whistlewind's,” replied the voice.

“ Not the way ! ” rejoined Dody, “ that's a likely story now, aint it ! Did'nt I inquire not above an hour ago of a clever old woman, that lives on the tother road ; and did'nt she tell me this was the correct way to the Forks of the Little Cawnawitchet ? And does'nt that lead to

Crincumpaw meeting house ? and does'nt Doctor Whistlewind live away tother side of that, just beyond Deacon Hopper's mill ?" Having put these triumphant queries, he finished the last mouthful of mince pie, and began to rummage in his saddlebags for the doughnuts ; when the voice assured him, that so far from being on the direct road to Doctor Whistlewind's, he was in the middle of a mowing.

Dodimus now withdrew his eyes from his work for the first time, and saw that he was, sure enough, in the middle of a meadow, where a man and two boys were at work.

" Where under the sun am I got too ?" said the horseman. " I'm sure that old deef woman told me this was the correct way. I've turned to the left, then to the right, and then to the left again, and then kept straight on through all the crooks and turns just as she told me."

" All that may be," said the farmer ; " but you are now in the middle of a mowing."

" Well, that beats me all to pieces," returned the intelligent youth, " how I should come here !"

" Why your horse brought you, I suppose, in at them-are bars there behind you, when you was busy with that great hunk of mince pie."

" Haw, haw, haw !" roared the young man laughing as well as he could through a large mouthful of doughnuts and cheese—" that must a been it. My hoss seeing me eating din-

ner, thought he might as well have some too. He's a knowing hoss, though he is a young one. I'm much obliged to you, howsómever, for the grass he's eat."

" You're welcome," said the farmer ; " may be you'd like a drink of cider to wash down your victuals ?"

" May be so too," returned the youth. " When mother put up the sassages and the tother things, she forgot to put in a bottle of cider, and 'twould come nation handy just now."

While Dodimus was speaking, one of the boys at the motion of his father, brought forward a large wooden bottle nearly full of excellent cider ; which the farmer, having premised by taking a moderate drink himself, handed to the young man.

" Your health, Mister," said Dody, and raised the bottle to his mouth.

" Thank you," returned the farmer ; " drink hearty of it."

The thirsty youth needed no urging. Having once got the bottle to his mouth, and turned up his face nearly in a horizontal position, the liquor continued to gubble, gubble, gubble, for the space of nearly five minutes.

" How he does drink !" whispered one of the boys to his father.

" He pours it down for good," said the

other ; "I guess he'll fill his jacket now, if there's any fill to it."

"He'll never leave off," said the first.

"Not without we choke him off," said the second, "as we do our old dog off of a wood-chuck."

Dodimus did however leave off voluntarily ; and handing the bottle back, thanked the farmer, and made for the road. "Now," said he, "if I have good luck, I shall soon get to the Forks of the Cawnawitchet." Saying this he put forward his steed with renewed spirits, not doubting in the least but he was on the direct way to his journey's end ; and that, if he met with no more cross accidents, he should arrive there before it was dark.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*The Sun turned about—Dodimus sadly puzzled thereat—The Girl with a Laughing Face and a Sharp Tongue—The Thrice-travelled Road—Forks of the Little Cawnawitchet—Crincumpaw Meeting House—Sign of the Punch Bowl—Landlord Lovejoy—His Accommodations—Excellence of his Liquors—His Politeness—The Cork Nutmeg—The Landlord's Daughter—Gallantry of Dodimus—Cooled by a Disaster.*

DODIMUS still pursued his way with alacrity and speed. But there was one circumstance which puzzled him not a little ; for, whereas before he commenced eating, the sun had been directly in front of him, now it was precisely in his rear. How could this be ? he reasoned with himself. He surely had not been eating long enough for the sun to get completely round. Perhaps it was owing to the cider getting into his head ; or perhaps his head was turned about by the horse turning into the meadow. With all his conjectures, however, he could not settle it to his own satisfaction ; and therefore he resolved at length to inquire whereabouts he was.

The population, however, on that part of the road was somewhat sparse, and he had to ride nearly a mile to find a house, at which he might make the necessary inquiry. He knocked at

the door, resolving, in the first place merely to ask how far it was to Doctor Whistlewind's ; and not to betray his surprise at the counter movements of the sun, if he could well avoid it. A girl, with a laughing countenance came to the door, and the youth, familiarly bobbing his head to her, asked how far it was to Doctor Whistlewind's.

“ Ten miles, sir,” replied she.

“ Ten miles !” exclaimed he, with astonishment. “ Why, ,twas only ten miles this morning, when I first started ; and I've rid all day long as fast as I would ride, and it's ten miles now ! Why, if that aint queer, then my name aint Dodimus Duckworth—that's all ; and I aint going to be a doctor—that's more.”

“ Well, more or less,” returned the girl, “ you'll find its ten miles before you get to Doctor Whistlewind's.”

“ Oh, I dare say, what you tell me must be true,” said the gallant youth, “ for you're too plaguy handsome to tell a lie.”

“ That's no news,” returned the girl, “ I knew that before ;” and she was about retreating into the house.

“ Stay ; can you tell me which way the sun is hereabouts, or can't ye ?”

“ Why, it's in the West, to be sure, you gump you.”

“ And which way may that be ?”

"Where the sun is, you ninny."

"I'll be darned if 'tis—axing yoqr pardon for saying so—but I know a thing or too myself; I aint a going to be a doctor for nothing."

"You be a doctor!" retorted the girl. "You've more need to be doctored by half. You're a little flighty in the upper garret, and ought to have a blister plaster on your head."

"I'll be blistered if I do," said the youth; "but, if its a civil question, I should like to know which way Doctor Whistlewind's is from here, being that the sun's turned about?"

"It's your head that's turned about, that's all. Why, Doctor Whistlewind's is down this way," pointing the course from which he had just come.

"That way! well, then my head is turned about sure enough. That ternal cider must a discomfoozled me; or my head got some how or another turned round in that-are rotten clover-field. I'm much obliged to you, howsomever, for putting me to rights."

"It'll take something more than that to put you to rights," said the girl, who verily believed that he was a little touched in his brain.

"Not's you know on." retorted the youth, with spirit; "I shall come out a doctor one of these days; and you'll send for me—and then—"

"I must be in a sad taking, to be sure, when I send for such a crazy-pate as you."

Thus saying, she turned and shut the door, leaving the youth to retrace his steps, and travel for the third time over that unlucky piece of road, which, with all his exertions and wear and tear of horse-flesh, had not yet brought him to the Forks of the Little Cawnawitchet. His head had indeed got turned at the clover-field: for not having taken special note of the way as he came along; and having been so busily engaged in superintending the operations of his jaws, that he could not tell whether his horse had turned to the right or the left in going through the open bars; he had, in coming out again, unfortunately stumbled upon the wrong road; and thus had so far measured back his former steps, only to be remeasured in pursuit of his journey.

This was most discouraging. The day was nearly spent, and he was as far from Doctor Whistlewind's as when he first set out. However, as he said, there was no use in crying for spilt milk. He put forward once more with spirit and resolution; resolved now to commit no more blunders, and to finish his journey in the shortest possible time.

He galloped on at a pretty round pace, and had the good fortune at length to reach the Forks of the Little Cawnawitchet. He crossed the river without accident; but night had now overtaken him, and he had become so bewildered with his many crooks, turns, wanderings, and cross acci-

dents, that he had entirely forgotten the remaining chapter of the old lady's directions. He resolved however to make further inquiries, and finish his journey that evening. He asked of the first man he met how far it was to Doctor Whistlewind's.

"It is six miles," replied the man, "all the way up hill, and the rest down; and a tarnal bad road. You dont expect to go there to night, do you? It's going to be as dark as Egypt's cellar."

"I can't help that," returned the youth; "if it should be as dark as Jerusalem's back door, I must get to Doctor Whistlewind's to night."

"What, somebody got their skull smashed in I suppose, and you're going after the doctor to bore it out?"

"No, that's not it by a jug full. I'm going to learn to be a doctor."

"Oh! ah! indeed! that's the business, ha?"

"That's it to a shaving. Now which of these 'ere roads had I better take?"

"Why, take this one straight ahead by all means, being that there's no other. But I advise you as a friend not undertake to find your way to Doctor Whistlewind's to-night."

"Oh, but I must though; 'twould be a most unaccountable shame to be two days going a journey of ten miles. I've only come from Cornbury ever sence morning."

“From Cornbury!”

“Yes; I was bred and born in Cornbury.”

“But you’ve taken a strange, roundabout way to get to Doctor Whistlewind’s.”

“Yes, rather so, I must profess; but you must know I’ve got a new hoss here, and I thought ‘twould be a good circumstance to try what for a beast he was. How do you like him?”

“It’s so dark, I can’t well see how he looks.”

“Well, so ‘tis getting to be all-fired dark. Which road did you say I’d better take?”

“Why, this one, I said, being that there’s no other till you get to Crincumpaw meeting-house. There’s a tavern there, and I advise you to put up and stay all night. The road beyond there is nearly impassable in the dark; and I heard not an hour ago that Deacon Hopper’s mill-dam had gone off with a fresh. I’m going your way as far as Crincumpaw meeting-house. Just beyond there is the tavern; you may hear the sign screak, screak, from morning till night and then back again. Land’ord Lovejoy is a clever soul as ever lived; and you’ll fare just as well there as if you was at home.

They pretty soon arrived at Crincumpaw meeting-house, and Dodimus finally concluded to put up for the night. The tavern, which bore the sign of a Punch Bowl, was so near the house of God, that the creaking of the sign could be heard by the worshippers; and some, while they pro-

fessed a devout attendance on the spirit of religion, were thinking in their hearts only of the spirit of blue ruin. Landlord Lovejoy was a cute little fellow, who, as the neighbors said, looked both ways for Sunday. However the expression originated, certain it is that Sunday was no bad day for him, in a pecuniary point of view; for, being so conveniently situated, he furnished many a mug of flip, toddy, and the like to the church-going people on the Lord's day.

How could he do otherwise? The farmers came, some of them, two or three miles to meeting. They brought along with them their bread-and-cheese, doughnuts, or fritters to eat during the intermission. They wanted some comfortable place, where they might sit and enjoy themselves, especially in the winter; there being no stoves in the churches, and it being accounted a crying sin to attempt to keep warm, or to have any regard to creature comfort of any kind in the house of God. This being the case, they naturally adjourned to the tavern, where Landlord Lovejoy was ever ready to welcome them with his Sunday's face.

A large fire, of good oak, hickory, or rock-maple, was burning in the bar-room; and always happened to be in prime condition just about the time the forenoon service was out. A flip-iron, or loggerhead, as it was called, was lying beneath the fore-stick, with one end imbedded in the coals,

red-hot, and in excellent order to stir the foaming flip. In one corner of the room was a bar just large enough to turn round in, and so closely grated as to exclude light fingers, though sufficiently pervious to an ordinary eye-sight.

With all these conveniences about them, and a ready landlord to boot, how could his guests sit and munch their dinner without calling for something to drink? It was neither honest nor comfortable. It was not honest, because they were enjoying the blessings of a warm room and convenient seats, without offering any remuneration to the obliging host. It was not comfortable, because their bread-and-cheese, or other eatables, were excludingly apt to stick in the throat without something to wash them down. Honor therefore, as well as comfort, invited them to patronize the landlord; and many a foaming mug of flip did they drain, and many a pistareen did they slip into his hand, before the commencement of afternoon service.

Though, as I said, Landlord Lovejoy was a cute man in the way of getting money; it was not by stinting his guests, or furnishing them with bad articles, like some over-cunning publicans of the present day. His liquors were genuine: pure Cogniac, fragrant St. Croix, genuine Hollands. In those honest times the art of adulterating liquors was unknown; and there was no factitious brandy, made of whiskey and hemlock bark; no

West India rum, rebaptized from the New-England ; no Hollands, miscalled from American gin ; and no Port wine concocted from cider, alum, and logwood.

As soon as Duckworth rode up to the door, the accommodating publican, being at the receipt of custom, was ready to welcome him and his steed to the best comforts the house and stable afforded—always, however, with the expectation of being well paid. He moved towards him with a smiling countenance and a sort of patronizing air ; as much as to say, I am landlord of the Punch Bowl, and shall be most happy to entertain you.

“ Ahem !” said Dody, springing from his saddle, “ put up my hoss, and give him plenty of hay, besides half a peck of oats.”

“ Yes, sir—yes, sir,” said the landlord with great volubility ; “ walk in, sir—walk in. Here, Jo, take this horse to the stable, and see he’s taken good care of.” Then following his guest into the house, and seeing his new sky-colored suit ; he made an extra portion of bows ; put on three smiles, where he commonly put on but two ; and invited him twenty times in a breath to take a seat and make himself comfortable.

“ Ahem !” said Dody again, “ make me half a mug of toddy, and then get me some supper.”

“ Yes, sir—yes, sir ; it shall be done, sir.” Thus saying, the landlord unlocked the bar, and

made the toddy, with the despatch of one who knows how. But when it was presented, the young traveller, after eyeing it critically, told him to take it back and put in—

“Yes, sir—yes, sir,” interupted the publican ; “what’ll you have ?”

“Some of that—are dust there—what do you call it ?”

“Nutmeg, sir ? Very sorry to say, I’m out, sir ; very sorry indeed, sir.”

“What ! no nutmeg in the house ? I can’t drink toddy without nutmeg.”

“Stay—stay a minute. I’ll look round the bar ; perhaps I can find a piece.”

Landlord Lovejoy was not a man to incommode his guests on slight grounds ; and therefore looking into every hole and corner of the bar, he at length found a bit of an old cork ; and exclaimed, as he began dexterously to grate it into the toddy, “I’ve found some, sir—I’ve found some. I thought at first I was entirely out, but I shall be able to accommodate you. There, sir, how do you like that ?” handing Dody the liquor, which was dusted over most profusely.

“Ahem !” exclaimed the youth, after taking a swallow ; “this tastes something like.” Then mending his draught, he invited the man, who had shown him the way thither, to drink with him. Which invitation was accepted without

any sort of demur; and the cup was soon finished.

In the meantime the landlord went to order supper. As soon as he returned, Dody stepped up to him and began—

“ May be, Land’ord Lovejoy, you never heerd of such a fellow as Dodimus Duckworth ?”

“ Cant say as I ever did,” returned the publican.

“ But you will one of these days, I guess, if not afore. My name is Dodimus Duckworth, sir.”

“ Ah, Mr. Duckworth, how do you do, how do you do, sir? I hope for your better acquaintance.”

“ I hope for your’n too, land’ord, because I’m going to be a doctor.”

“ A doctor! Well, now I might have known that by your looks,” making a profound bow.

At this last observation of his obsequious host, the young man swelled himself so as very nearly to fill his new clothes, and replied, “ I thank you, land’ord for your accomplishment. You really think then that I look tollably doctorfied, do you ?”

“ Upon my word, Mr. Duckworth—I would say, Doctor Duckworth, that is to be”—bowing and smiling—“ I never saw a young man of so remarkable an appearance in my life before; and I’ve seen legions of people in my day. I can tell

a gentleman from a common man, the moment I see him, by the cut of his clothes."

"Do you think these set well?"

"Set!" exclaimed the landlord, lifting up both hands in apparent admiration; "why, sir, they set so delicately that they don't touch any where. They fairly hang about you like the loaves and greases about Venice, the wife of Mars, the god of thunder."

"I don't know any thing about that, I'm sure," returned the youth, highly gratified with the landlord's stuffing. "But 'twas mother's notion having my clothes made in this'ere way, so that I might have room to grow as she said. At first I was ternal mad at Mima Flash, the new fashioned tailor in Cornbury, for making 'em so large; and I was as good a mind as ever I was to eat, not to wear 'em at all. But I dare say you must be a judge of what's what; and sence you pay 'em so high an accomplishment, I begin to think darned well on 'em myself."

"And you've reason to; what a gloss they have! I dare say they were never sponged."

"Sponged! no, I wouldn't have 'em wet for nothing in the world. 'Twould take all the beauty off."

This opinion of young Duckworth's was not peculiar to him. Others had the same dread of water coming in contact with fulled cloth; and

like him, would have considered it ruined, if once thoroughly wet.

Supper was now announced; and Dodimus, after calling for another half mug of toddy and sharing it with the same man who helped him punish the first, went to his meal. Being pretty sharp set notwithstanding the sausages, the mince pie, and so forth, which he had devoured on his journey, he fell zealously to work, and for some time did not notice that a plump, rosy-cheeked girl was waiting upon the table. However, having in some measure satisfied the cravings of hunger, he had time to look about him, and to indulge another appetite—to wit, admiration of the landlord's daughter. Eying her for some time, while his jaws rested upon a half-chewed mouthful of beef-steak, he at last swallowed the morsel, and cleared his mouth for speech.

"You're a darned wholesome looking gal, I'll be hanged if you aint. What may I call your name?"

"Susan Lovejoy, sir."

"Susan Lovejoy, ha? So, you're the land'ord's daughter then. How old are you?"

"Seventeen last month."

"You're just the right age for me, by golly. I was eighteen the month afore that."

"You're a forward youth indeed."

"Aint I? Mother said I was as soon as I was born. I weighed twelve pound and a half."

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"You'd better keep your lips at home," said she, "if you know what's good for yourself; at the same time she gave him such a box on the ear as almost made him see stars in the middle of the room.

But as opposition only excites the bold, the box on the ear had no other effect than to render him the more active in his gallant endeavors. "That's nothing but a love-spat," said he; "but it's darned well laid on for all that. Howsoever, by the holy poker, I'll have a kiss." With that he made another essay; and got a box on the other ear. He nevertheless followed up his attempts, only saying, that she struck darned spiteful for so handsome a gal.

He had now seized her by the waist; but she did not scream nor raise the family, as many ladies, of very severe but doubtful virtue, would have done. She considered herself quite a match for any over-gallant young gentleman; and if he got a kiss of her, it would at least, as she said, cost him as much as 'twould come to.

Dody had got his lips within an inch of hers, when dexterously twisting herself from his grasp, she ran into the kitchen, which was on the same floor with the dining room, and communicated with it by a short passage.

"By gingo!" exclaimed the youth, "she's as slippery as an eel, and as springy as a young colt; but I'll have the kiss yet." He followed

after ; but just as he had got to the other end of the passage, Susan met him with a pail of water, which she discharged full in his face. This sudden and unexpected movement rather put the gallant to a nonplus. Partly blinded with the water, and very much cooled in his courage, he wheeled about to retreat. But he had not got two steps, when another pail of water took him in the rear. Thus impelled, he went with more haste than was altogether profitable ; for striking his foot against the opposite threshold, he fell his entire length on the floor.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Triumph of the Landlord's Daughter—Drying a Sponged Coat—Wetting the Inside to obviate the effect of a Wet Outside—A Sound Night's Rest—A Long Bill for a Short Stay—A Parting Cup—DODIMUS puzzled at the Answer to Certain Inquiries—Deacon Hopper's Mill—The Lord's Toll-Cup—Impertinent Queries—Arrival at Doctor Whistlewind's.*

DODIMUS Duckworth was not a man to cry out for quarter, especially to a woman; and though he was defeated and overthrown, not a soul in the house would have been the wiser for it for aught that escaped him in the midst of his peril. But the victress did not bear her triumph with such equanimity. She laughed till she well nigh split her sides. The noise of her cachination, together with the fall of the young man, brought the landlord, with the whole posse of the bar-room at his heels, to the scene of action.

There lay Dody, with his heels in the passage, and his head and the main body of him in the dining room; while, in the middle of the kitchen, stood Susan, holding her hands fast upon her sides to keep them from bursting with laughter.

“Why, Sukey! Sukey!” exclaimed the landlord, “what's the racket here? What have

you been doing with the young doctor, that is to be?"

"Nothing," returned Susan, as soon as she could speak for laughing—"nothing, father, but sponging his coat for him."

"Sponging his coat! Why, you rude chitterling you; what business have you to sponge a gentleman's coat?"

"I thought it would be the better for shrinking," mischievously returned the girl.

In the meantime Dodimus got upon his feet, the water running in streams from his clothes, and his countenance most miserably chop-fallen. As soon as he arose, Susan again burst into laughter, and was obliged to drop into a chair for support.

"Ah, you may laugh as much as you please," said the youth, with a most mortified air; "but I'll punish you for this, you see if I don't. You won't triumph over me a great while; now, mind what I say."

"Don't say no more, I beg on you," returned Susan; "I've already laughed till I cried. I never saw any poor man in such a pickle in all my life; ha, ha, ha!—Oh! what a stich in my side. I wouldnt a laughed so much for the price of a new gown."

The spectators could not help joining in the laugh; and even the landlord himself was unable to preserve his gravity. "Why, what's

been to pay here?" said he ; " what's the occasion of all this ?"

" Make me a glass of hot sling," said the discomfited youth.

" It would be well enough to take a little wetting inside," said the judicious landlord, " to prevent the outside wetting from striking to your stomach." Thus saying he led the way to the bar-room, followed by Dody and the rest of the company. The hot sling was soon made, and soon drank. Having taken this necessary precaution against the bad consequences which might arise from so thorough a wetting ; and a smart fire being kindled in the bar-room to dry his clothes ; Dody honestly detailed the whole story of his disaster, amidst renewed and repeated bursts of laughter. The landlord regretted amazingly that any such accident should have taken place in his house ; hoped the young doctor, that was to be, wouldn't come to any harm in consequence ; reminded him of the old saying, that those who dance must pay the fiddler ; and concluded by treating to a mug of hot sling.

" Why, as to the boxed ears," returned Dody, " and the danger to my health, and all that, I don't valley 'em the snap of my thumb ; but to have my bran-new clothes, that I never wore afore to-day, as wet as water, and all the gloss took out on 'em—I wouldnt a had it done, as true as I stand here, for twenty silver dollars.

That's what plagues me the most. She's a darned likely looking gal, that Susan ; and if she'd only spit in my face, or done any thing in reason, I would'nt a minded it. But I'll pay her one of these days ; that's some comfort."

"Never mind it," said the publican, very good naturedly ; "accidents will happen you know, in the best regulated families. Sukey is a merry jade ; but you must get up early to get round her, though she is my daughter. Her mother, I recollect, at her age—poor woman ! she's dead now—"

Just at that moment, another traveller rode up to the door and snapped the thread of the landlord's discourse short off ; so that what he intended to say has been utterly lost to the world.

Dodimus had been urged to change his clothes ; but he refused, saying it was not healthy to pull off wet things, and put on dry ones. Having therefore, with the aid of the landlord, wrung as much of the water, as he conveniently could, out of his coat tail and the legs and seat of his breeches, he stood up before the fire to dry himself, ever and anon turning round, like a spare-rib upon a string, to give every side of him a due chance to the fire. As the water by degrees evaporated from his outer man, and the hot sling did its execution upon his inner one ; he began to get in better temper and spirits, bere

the jokes of those about him with great good humor, and even laughed heartily at his own predicament.

The face of the roguish Susan every now and then appeared at the bar-room door, slyly peeping in, to see the vanquished gallant turning round before the fire, and to hear the jokes which were put forth at his expense. Once she came near laughing out loud, and Dody turning suddenly round, exclaimed—

“ Ah, you darned mischievous critter you ; you needn’t stand there snickering ; I’ll come round you yet.”

“ Just as you did before,” said she, and away she whisked.

Dodimus took up several hours in drying, and called for sundry mugs of toddy during the process, chiefly for the benefit of the company ; who insisted upon it, that, in consequence of his misfortune, they had a right to call upon him to treat them all to as much as they could drink. Dody was not backward ; though he could not exactly understand why he was bound to spend his money, merely because he had got his clothes spoilt.

Being at length pretty well dried, he called for a bed, and in the arms of sleep soon forgot all the crooks and turns, the mistakes and accidents, of the day. Wearied with exercise, and softened with toddy and sling, he slept long and soundly ;

and the sun was half way up the sky before he opened his eyes on the following morning. "I declare," said he, as he came down stairs; "I slept like a log last night. Them-are liquors of your'n are ginuwine to make a body sleep."

"To be sure," said the landlord, "I always keep the best of every thing; but which of the two liquors do you mean, the water or the rum?"

"Don't mention the water," returned the youth, "I beg on ye. I got enough of that last night."

But whatever the opinion of Dody might be as to the spoiling of his clothes by being wet, they certainly set better that morning than they had done the morning before, in consequence of the thorough sponging which Susan had given them. As she said, they had needed shrinking; and having gotten it, were mightily improved in the fit, though they had indeed lost something of the original gloss.

Dodimus having taken a glass of bitters, to taper off, as he said, from the drinking of the night before; ordered breakfast for himself, and another half peck of oats, together with *quantum suff.* of hay for his horse. As Susan again waited upon table, she asked him about his health, and how he had slept the night before.

"Slept! Oh," said he, "I slept like a log, and I feel as sound as a roach this morning. But you gin me one all-sufficient wetting though; *howsomever* I like you the better for that."

"Then I'll throw a couple more pails of water on you, shall I?" said the girl, archly.

"Not to-day," returned the youth, "I've got enough for one while, any how."

Every thing being at length ready for his departure, he called for his bill. It had run up to a tolerably round sum, considering the time he had staid; most of it being for liquors called in to treat the company for laughing at his disaster the night before.

"By gracious!" said Dody, as he looked at the sum total, "it costs a man something to travel, any how."

"Certainly," returned the complaisant landlord, "it costs something for a man to travel, who spends in a gentlemanly manner, as you do."

This was a compliment well suited to the calibre of the young man; and, to show how well he understood it, he instantly pulled out his purse and planked the money. He had received a small supply from his father at setting out; and a more considerable one from his mother, of which his father had no knowledge; it having somehow or other strayed from his possession, and got into that of his wife.

Dodimus now inquired the way anew to Doctor Whistlewind's. The landlord gave him minute directions, which did not vary materially from those of the old lady in the strap-cap.

He was to go to the top of the hill, where three roads met; take the middle one and proceed on to Deacon Hopper's mill; then turn to the right; and so on; and so forth, as before directed.

His horse was well curried, sleek, and in good spirits; and, having no doubt forgotten the cruel beating of the day before, was pawing and neighing to be on his way. The landlord treated to a parting cup; and hoped, with abundance of smiles and bows, that the young doctor, that was to be, would often make it convenient to travel that way. Thus supplied with good liquor and fair words, the young man set forward once more on his journey of ten miles.

Susan peeped from behind the window curtain, as he was mounting his horse; and looked after him till he was nearly out sight; when she burst into another fit of laughter, and nearly split her sides again at the recollection of the last night.

Meantime Dody went forward with good spirits; he took the middle one of the three roads at the top of the hill; and arrived, without any remarkable mistake or accident, at Deacon Hopper's mill. He was, however, sorely puzzled at the result of several inquiries he made respecting the distance. Having ridden for some time, he asked a man, who was laying stone wall beside the way, how far it was to Doctor Whistlewind's.

"Just five miles," answered the man.

Five miles! why twas only six at the forks of

the Little Cawnawitchet ; and I've come above two miles sence."

"I cant help that," said the man, as he took a squint upon the stone wall to see that it was laid straight ; "it's just five miles."

Having gone, as he judged, nearly a mile further, Dody again inquired how far it was to Doctor Whistlewind's.

"Just five miles," said the respondent.

"Just five miles again!" exclaimed the youth ; "how can that be? 'twas only five miles nearly a mile back. I profess I can't see into it."

"Nor I neither," returned the fellow, who was splitting oven-wood at the door of a house ; "but I know well enough, it's just five miles ; I've travelled it more'n forty times, when mother had that long fit of sickness one winter that lasted her 'bove six months. There can't nobody go for to teach me how fur 'tis to Doctor Whistlewind's."

This man's opportunities for knowing the distance were certainly indisputable ; and yet the young traveller was not satisfied with his answer. After riding a mile further, he repeated the inquiry.

"Exactly five miles," said the third respondent.

"What! five miles still!" said the youth, in utter astonishment. "Well, if that don't beat me, then there's no snakes, that's all. Why, Mister, 'twas only five miles two miles back! If

this is the way the road holds out, I shall never get to Doctor Whistlewind's."

"That's no consarn of mine," returned the man, "I didn't make the road. But I've lived here twenty-three year from first to last; and walked three times a week for a whole month to Doctor Whistlewind's to get my leg set when 'twas broke; and faith, I guess I ought to know, if any body."

Notwithstanding he gained so little satisfaction from inquiry, young Duckworth went forward, and at length arrived at Deacon Hopper's mill. He had been thoroughly instructed in the way, both by the old lady and the landlord; nevertheless he thought it a matter of prudence, now that he had come to where the roads crossed, to take further advice on the subject. Accordingly, as Deacon Hopper was busy in the mill, the traveller dismounted and went in.

"I suppose you're Deacon Hopper, aint you?"

"My name is Hopper," returned the Deacon; and then lengthening his mealy face, he continued, "and the Lord has been pleased in his mercy to confer upon me the office of deacon, unworthy as I am."

"Unworthy! why, aint you fit for a deacon?"

"Indeed I am not, young man," groaned the dusty miller.

"Then I don't see, for my part, why the Lord should make you one," said the youth.

“The Lord knows best,” said the Deacon.

“Well, I dare say he does,” returned the youth; but what do you do with that—are gill-cup there, that I see you slip slyly into your pocket, just as I came in?”

“That! What! that—that little bit of a cup there”—said the worthy deacon, turning red through the meal on his face—“Why, to tell the truth, young man, that’s the Lord’s toll-cup.

“It is, ha! Then I suppose you stole it, didn’t you?” said the unmannerly youth.

“Heaven forbid!” groaned the deacon; “what I mean by it’s being the Lord’s toll-cup is, that I take toll with it for the Lord’s use.”

“You do, ha! And what does the Lord do with the toll?”

“I manage it for him.”

“You do, ha! And what do you do with it?”

“I dislike to bl-a-a-zon my good deeds abroad,” groaned the miller, with a most edifying tone; “and I never hinted the subject to mortal man before; but—”

“I suppose,” interrupted Dody, “you never let any body see the gill-cup afore.”

“My design is,” resumed the deacon, “to build a meeting-house for the Lord.”

“Well, I don’t know any thing about your dealings and his,” returned the ungodly youth; “but darn me if I’d trust you.”

“I’m sorry for your want of charity,” said the

deacon, "for your lamentable ignorance of the way of salvation. Where do you expect to go to, young man?"

"I'm going to Doctor Whistlewind's," interrupted the student, "to learn medicine and surgery; and I just called to inquire which of these roads I must take?"

The miller confirmed the directions previously received; and after half an hour's further conversation, and sundry very shrewd observations from the mouth of Dodimus respecting the clack of the mill, the whirling of the wheels, and the dustiness of the miller's occupation—of the truth of which last his sky-coloured suit bore meanly testimony—he proceeded on his way.

During the rest of this memorable journey nothing occurred worthy of particular notice. Dody was merely detained till night, by the temptation of angling, presented by a number of youths who were pursuing their sport about half a mile beyond Deacon Hopper's mill; and kept till late in the evening by a second party, who were spearing suckers by torch-light, a quarter of a mile further ahead.

The night therefore was so far advanced, when he arrived at Doctor Whistlewind's, that every body in the house was abed and asleep. After thumping at the door and bawling for some time, the Doctor awoke, and thrusting his head out of the window, asked who was sick.

“ Nobody,” replied Dody ; its only I.”

“ Nobody ! And only I ! And who the devil is I ?”

“ Dodimus Duckworth, your student, that is to be.”

“ Indeed ! So you’re come at last—and at a pretty time of day ! I expected you yesterday morning.”

“ Well, I can’t help that ; I started yesterday morning, and have been on the way ever sence.”

“ Been two days in coming ten miles ! What for a horse have you got, to ride at that rate ?

“ What for a hoss ? Why, as good a hoss as ever trod shoe-luther.”

“ What for a fool then has he had to back him ?” muttered the doctor, as he closed the window and went to open the door.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Introduction to an Apothecary's Shop—Bottled Reptiles—Fingers and Toes—Behavior of Doctor Whistlewind—Proper Materials for a Medical Student—Self-Encomiums of the Doctor—A Royal Road to Practice—The Evil Effects of Hard Study—Doctor Whistlewind's Boldness in Performing Operations—Admired by Dodimus—How to attain Success in Practice.*

“AND so, young man,” said Doctor Whistlewind, the next morning, “you came by the way of Crincumpaw meeting-house. A pretty round-about to be sure !”

“Why, yes,” returned Dodimus, who thought proper to conceal the mistakes he had made, “I wanted to try my new hoss, and likewise also to see the country a little ; and I thought I could’nt do better than to take this circumstance.”

“You have taken a circumstance sure enough,” said the doctor,” or rather, to speak in more classical language, a circumbendibus. But come, walk into the potecary, and see how we look there. By the by, how did you leave your mother? a smart woman that—a prodigious smart woman. And your father, how was he? clever man enough —honest good-hearted soul, but rather lacking in grit, ha! young man, though he is your father.”

By this time they had reached the repository of drugs and medicines, together with sundry curiosities, such as snakes, toads, frogs, and other animals, which the doctor avowed he had brought from the stomachs of his patients; and likewise sundry thumbs, fingers, and toes, which he had successfully amputated—all preserved in spirits, for the inspection of the curious and the admiration of all beholders.

“ You see these things here, Mr. Duckworth,” said the doctor, “ merely a few samples of what I have done in my day. Could’nt well preserve the legs and arms—take up too much room in one apothecary—merely brought away a few specimens of fingers, toes, and such small matters, which I’ve amputated in the course of my practice. You see they’re still sound as a roach, the same as they were when they were first took off. Your ardent sperits is a mighty fine thing for the preservation of human flesh. And these snakes and toads, what do you think of them ?”

“ Why,” returned the student, “ they look to me amazingly like the snakes and toads we have in Cornbury. Wasn’t some on ‘em catched there ?”

“ Why, you booby, did’nt I just tell you, they came from people’s stomachs ?”

“ That’s true; but then you must a catched ‘em, or else how did you get ‘em ?”

"True, true ; I see your a young man, who looks into a thing."

"Never mind me, returned Dody, triumphantly ; "I can see as far into a mill-stone as any body, afore it's picked ; and so I told Deacon Hopper yesterday. But aint them are snakes alive ?"

"Alive ! eh ! that's a pretty how-d-ye-do ! to think snakes could keep alive, after being drowned in rum so long."

"Well, I dare say you know best," replied the young student with commendable modesty ; "but what a plaguy smell there is to this 'ere doctor's stuff."

"Never mind the smell," said the doctor ; "you'll soon get used to it. We disciples of Slapsclapius have a rare sight of bad smells to encounter. But what of that ? They fetch us the chink, the yaller boys and the white ; and that's the main point you know."

Thus saying, he opened a drawer, and taking out a large lump of assafœtida, he applied it so close to the nose of Dodimus, that he started suddenly back, and in his retreat overset a bowl of blood which had been recently drawn from a patient.

"Never mind the blood," said the doctor. "We disciples of Slapsclapius must meet with bloody work now and then. Can't keep a potecary so nice as a lady's parlor. You'll meet

with worse things than this, before you're forty years older." With that, dipping his finger in the blood, he drew it across the nose and lips of the young man; who thinking, by this time, that the joke had been carried far enough, raised his fist, and was about letting drive full in the face of the doctor, as he stood ready to split his sides with laughter. But the man of medicine, good-naturedly chucking him under the chin, and taking from the shelf a bottle of genuine St. Croix, poured out a copious dram, and drinking to the health, good-fellowship, and better acquaintance of his pupil, invited him to help himself. Dody was no ways backward; for having wiped the blood from his face, he followed the example of his master in a generous libation from the bottle of St. Croix.

"Come, take a seat young man," said the doctor, and make yourself at home. I like a lad of spunk, ready to take his own part against the world. None of your modest milk-and-water sops for me. Give me a real roystering, rantum tearum sort of a fellow, who aint afraid of the devil, nor any other old woman. That's the man to make a doctor. That's the man that'll get practice, if there's any practice to be got. Now I dare say you have the seeds of the matter in you; and I'm the man to fetch 'em out, ha! boy.

"Your mother did right to send you to me, in-

stead of that muddlecumfudgeon there, what do you call him? Doctor Lawrence. I'll not cramp your genius over a cart-load of books, as Slapselapius says. No, I'll lead you to the pinnacle, the very highest point and perfection of medical and surgical obtainments, by a shorter cut than reading over Gallion and Hypocrites, and Suddenham, and them-are musty old fellows. Why, boy, I'll larn you more in one half hour than you could larn from books in half a year. Why, sir, I have a royal road to practice, as Archymeter told the king of Cartilage about jometry."

"I hope," returned Dody, "ta'nt such an all-fired crooked road as I come yesterday and day afore that, round by Crincumpaw meeting-house, and Deacon Hopper's mill, and all that."

"Never fear, young man; as I just told you, I'll lead you by the royal road, as Archymeter did the king of Cartilage. No round-a-bout-way for me; no hard study; no poring over books, and assuming the midnight oil; which is apt to spoil the eyes, and bring on an inflamation of the tunica conjunction, and ophthalmology, and the serene gutter, and the catrake, and twenty other complaints of the eyes; besides consumption, and indigestion, and costivity, and suchlike disorders as prove detrimental to the destruction of mankind.

"No, sir, I work it another guess way than all this comes to. I never got my knowledge by

hard study ; and yet you see how I get along in the world ; what an abominable practice I've got ; and what extraneous cures I perform."

"So mother says," interrupted Dody ; "and she charged me over and over again not to hurt myself with hard study. She agrees with you exactly, doctor."

"And so she must ; and so must every man of common sense."

"Every man ! do you call my mother a man ?"

"Not according to the common acceptation of terms and genders—not, as we say, lexicographically—but merely in respect to wearing the breeches—which you know is all your father's fault, because he has'nt the courage to wear 'em himself. But speaking of my mode of making doctors ; I'll make your 'prenticeship pleasant to you, never fear that. I'll lead you through flowery paths and purling meadows ; I'll remove all difficulties in the way of knowledge, as easy as I cut off an arm or a leg."

"And that's darnation suple, I warrant it," said the student, with animation. "I spose now you don't think no more of it than I should of cutting off my toe nails a Sabbaday morning."

"Why, for that matter," returned the doctor, with great modesty, "I don't want to boast ; but between you and me, Mr. Duckworth, the amputation of half a dozen legs before breakfast, is nothing extraneous with me. Howsom-

ever I despise boasting, or any thing like that. But as I was saying about knowledge, and practice, and skill ; now this is the way I work it : what I can't see through, I lop off. I cut, and slash, and dash through thick and thin. No doubts, no demurrs, no fear of sequences. Let the case be what it will, I go ahead. I never appear to distrust my own skill ; or have any misgiving about the result of a case. But, on ! advance ! that's my *maxum*. The patient lives—very well, I have the credit of curing him. The patient dies—very well again, I have the credit of doing all that could be done in so mortal a case ; and nobody can accuse me of looking on and letting the poor creature die for want of action on my part."

" I see plainly," returned Dody, whose mouth had been opening nearly a yard with admiration at this speech, " I see plainly that you are, without conception, the greatest doctor in these parts, or any other, far or near. And so I told Parson Longgrace the first morning I set out to come here. Says he, who are you going to study with ? Says I, the greatest doctor in creation. Then, says he, I suppose you'll cross the Landtick ? No, says I, I shan't go over any large river—"

" What !" interrupted Doctor Whistlewind, " did you call the Atlantic a river ? Why, you booby, it's an ocean."

" Well, so I sposed, 'twas only a notion of Parson Longgrace's to torment me ; and so I told him I should'nt cross any other river but the Little Cawnawitchet. And then he talked about my going to study with one Doctor Gunter and one Jonathan Mullen, that nobody ever heerd on in these parts, and so I told him. And I let him know besides, that if a doctor meant to be any thing, he must larn of you."

" Right, young man, right ; I like your spunk. There's something in your head besides brains ; and I'll make a dootor of you yet. And now I'll lay down the principle of all success. *Action* is the main point, my boy—the knee-per-sultry of medical and surgical obtainment. Action, action, action, as the great orator of Cartilage said about speaking ; remember that, young man, and your fortune is made.

" It is true I have some books which you may study, if you think best. Here for instance is a book of notomy, that treats of bones, and muskles, and cartilegs, and suchlike matters." So saying, the doctor took down, from a little corner shelf, an old smoky volume ; and, brushing off the dust and cobwebs, handed it over to Dody. Then saying he had business abroad, he left the student to his own meditations, the benefit of which the reader will probably find in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Unlucky Curiosity of Dodimus—The Tall Narrow Box—Encounter with a Skeleton—Horrible Fright—Misgivings of Mrs. Whistlewind—Returning Courage of the Student—His Victory over Bruising Jock—Surprise and Vexation of Doctor Whistlewind—A Case of Surgery beyond his Power.*

DODIMUS being left to himself, and moved by the curiosity of inquisitive genius, began to open every drawer, uncap every gallipot, and unstopp every bottle, to inspect their contents. In this examination, the senses of seeing, feeling, tasting, and smelling were all employed.

“ Gorree !” he exclaimed as he applied to his nose an unstopped bottle of nitric acid ; and starting suddenly back, let the bottle fall on the floor. “ Well, that’s smashed, any how ! and into ten thousand flitters. Gorree ! what a smell it’s got ! and it’s spattered all over my clothes ; and wheresoever it touches ‘em, it changes the color. By gingo, I wish I had’nt touched it.”

Being thus satisfied with his inspection of the drugs and medicines, he next cast his eye upon a tall narrow box, which stood in one corner of the room. “ I wonder,” said he, “ what there

is in that-are box. It looks as tall as a man. I shoud'nt be surprised if there was a notomy there. I've heerd the doctor's got one, that, as soon as you open the door, springs right out and catches you in its arms. I should like plaguy well to see it catch somebody ; but I should'nt like to be catched myself. Oh ! 'twould scare me to death to have them-are bones, wired together, grappling me round the waist, just as I would a pretty gal. And yet I should like amazingly to see it. I wonder if I could'nt open the door without being catched. I've a great mind to try. I'm a darned suple fellow ; and I'll spring out of its way afore it can catch me."

Thus resolved, Dodimus approached the door, and placed his hand on the wooden button which fastened it. But his courage nearly failed him, and he once or twice drew back. Curiosity at length, however, prevailed over fear ; and suddenly opening the door, and springing back, he fell upon the floor and the skeleton followed him?"

His conjectures as to the contents of the tall box had been well founded. There was indeed a skeleton, which Doctor Whistlewind had purchased, ready wired together. But it did not, as the young student believed, possess the automatical faculty of welcoming its admirers in its bony embrace. So far from this, it would have remained perfectly unmoved, had not Dody opened the door with such violence as jarred it

from its fastenings ; when seeing the skeleton coming, he fell upon the floor with affright, while the skeleton fell by its own weight.

“Murder ! murder ! help ! help !” bellowed the student as loud as he could bawl ; when Mrs. Whistlewind came running into the shop, followed by her three daughters, to see what was the matter.

“Help ! help ! whosomever you are,” exclaimed Dody, as he heard their footsteps, for he durst not open his eyes, lest he should behold the gasty skeleton grinning horribly upon him.

“What’s here !” said Mrs. Whistlewind starting back and lifting up her hands, nearly as much frightened as the fallen student ; while the girls screamed and screeched in a very ladylike manner, and fled into the house.

“The notomy’s got me ! the notomy’s got me !” returned Dody, in a faint and half broken voice, and still keeping his eyes closed.

Mrs. Whistlewind was not afraid of a skeleton, merely as such. She had often seen the one in question suspended quietly in the back part of the box, and had never before known it offer harm to mortal being. But now that it had broken loose and fallen upon the student, her mind misgave her. It was an unaccountable event, and looked altogether ominous.

“Take it off ! take it off !” said Dody.

But the good lady, thought she had courage enough to speak, dared not touch the skeleton.

"Do, do," said Dody, "take off the notomy!"

"Why don't you get up?" asked Mrs. Whistlewind.

"I can't," said the student, "I can't stir a limb, any more than if a night-mare was a top on me. The notomy is holding me down."

"How came you on the floor!"

"The notomy knocked me down, and then sprung atop on me."

The first part of this story would not have been believed by Mrs. Whistlewind, had it not seemed to be confirmed by the latter; and as she had the proof of that before her eyes, she considered the whole as the effect of supernatural agency.

"How, in the name of heaven came it to knock you down?" said she.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Dody; "I only just opened the door, and sprung to get out of its way, and it knocked me down, and fell atop on me."

"Did'nt you touch it?"

"No, I did'nt touch a finger to it. Help me up, do!"

"I dare not meddle with the matter," returned the good lady. "It is no doubt by the judgment of heaven, that all this has come to pass, and I must not interfere." So saying, Mrs. Whistle-

wind retired, and left the student to battle with the skeleton as he could.

Despair has often been known to nerve the arm, and to do wonders when all other motives have failed. Finding cries and entreaties for help of no avail, and considering, that if he must die, he might as well die game, Dodimus resolved to exert his best remaining energies, and at least depart with full spunk. Whereupon, after making some little effort, and finding the use of his arms was not wanting, he drew his fist, opened his eyes, and began furiously to beat the skeleton. The first blow he aimed was at the cranium. But the bones, being firmly knit together, sustained no injury.

“Darn you!” said he, “if I ca’n’t break your skull for you, I’ll knock your teeth down your throat.” Then letting drive at the face with the full force of a large fist, he not only knocked out several of the teeth, but fractured and displaced the bones of the nose. “There now, darn you!” said Dody, “see if you’ll gирн at me as you did afore, like one dog girning at another.”

But not satisfied with this, he repeated the blows upon the face till nearly every tooth was knocked out. Then raising himself half way up, he began to strike lustily upon the ribs of his fleshless antagonist, which one after another gave way beneath the weight of his fist, and in less than a minute there was scarcely a sound one remaining.

He now gained courage at every blow ; and was proceeding triumphantly to the entire demolition of the poor unoffending skeleton, when Doctor Whistlewind entered the shop.

“ What the devil are you about ? ” exclaimed he, throwing his saddlebags at the student’s head.

“ I—I’m defending myself,” said Dody, who scarcely knew whether he was alive or dead.

“ Defending yourself ! ”

“ Yes, taking my own part, like a man of spunk.”

“ Why, you’re a fool ; you’re a madman. You’re breaking all my bones to pieces.”

“ Well, I can’t help that,” returned the student, doggedly ; “ the notomy was going to break my bones just now.”

“ Your bones ! ” said the doctor, in a rage, and examining the smashed skeleton more nearly ; “ why, I’d rather every bone in your body was broke, than to had all this mischief done. What the devil put it into your fool’s head to go to work in this manner ? ”

“ The notomy, to be sure,” said the conscientious student ; “ he begun first.”

“ Begun first ! ” repeated the doctor, who, in the midst of his rage, could scarcely keep from laughing. “ How came the skeleton out here ? ”

“ It sprung out upon me,” said Dody, who

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Commencing the Study of Anatomy—Novel Pronunciation of Anatomical Terms—Oysterology—Important Discovery—Rapid Progress of the Student—Major Decanter—Lieut. Moll Palate—Spankology—Cruel Ligaments—Intestinal Stops and Marks—Family of Doctor Whistlewind—His Daughters' Names—Their Personal Attractions—A Family Dinner—Pudding before Meat—Importance thereof—Value of a Good Appetite.*

DODIMUS, as soon as he had returned the bones of Bruising Jock to their resting place, and got fairly over the perturbation of his late encounter, opened the treatise on anatomy, to see what satisfaction he could derive from that.

It ~~matter~~ matter ~~matter~~ whether at the beginning, the middle, or the end. He happened, however, by the merest accident to fall upon osteology, which, with his usual felicity in guessing at words, he called oysterology.

“Well,” said he to himself, after he had fixed upon what he called the true pronunciation, “oysterology is a queer name any how. Who would ever think of looking in a notomy book for such a thing? What can oysters have to do

with the bones of a man, or any other human critter? Oysters are a shell-fish, and have all their bones outside on 'em; while the human gender have all their'n under their flesh and skin. Oysters live in the bottom of the sea, while human folks live on top of the land; all but the maremaids, and they live in the sea; only they come up and set on a rock once in a while, to comb their heads by daylight, as I've heerd mother tell. But this oysterology is queer to me! I spose, howsomever, the doctor that made this notomy book, was fond of oysters, and so just slipped in the word. Well, it's none of my bread-and-butter how it come. It's here, that's as true as rates; and I shan't forget it easy.

"But let me see, I'll read on a little furder. Here's os affronted, os pair-o-tail, os trumpery, os unctuous, os male. Gracious, what a sight of osse! They're as thick as hairs on a dog's back. But what can os mean? Let me see; but no matter. It's a little word, and if it don't mean nothing, it's of no consequence; so I wont trouble my head about it.

"The os trumpery has several portions. Here's the squamish portion, and Peter's portion.

"The squamish portion, I dare say, is what makes people squamish; and some are more squamisher than others, because they've got a larger squamish portion. Now there's aunt Eunice!

she's as squamish as all nater ; and I'll lay any wager, if the truth was known, she's got an amazing large squamish portion."

Having made this important discovery, Dodimus proceeded from the bones of the head to those of the trunk. " Whew !" said he, " what have we got here ? The spine, the broadax, and the clevis ! I wonder what these can all be ? Then here's the strainer, and the cartlegs. And here's more ossees. Let me see ; os sack-o-rum ! Who would think of putting rum in a sack ? A jug or a bottle would be much more apropos. But this is an old notomy book ; and as like as not jugs and bottles wasn't found out, when 'twas writ."

Dodimus soon finished the trunk, and arrived in course to the extremities. He went on with rapidity, because he did not stop to read every word ; but only selected here and there such ones as particularly attracted his eye, or engaged his fancy.

" Just above there," said he, " was the os sack-o-rum ; now here's the decanter. Yes, here's two decanters—the decanter major and the decanter minor. But here the hoss is before the cart. The first, I dare say, should be Major Decanter ; but the printer has writ it wrong. I spose, by and by, I shall come to the curnels and generals, and all the great officers. They're fond of the decanter, I'll warrant it.

“ Let me see, what comes here ? ‘ Os hum-her-eye ! os pizen-form ! os uncle-form ! ’ By golly, these are the strangest names I ever come across. ‘ Os pizen-form ! I spose that’s where the pizen operates, when any body takes rats-bin, or laudlum, or marcury, or any other pizen. But the os uncle-form—what can that be ? Some relation to Major Decanter, I suppose.”

From the bones, the student very naturally pursued his course to the muscles ; and was equally happy in guessing at the right names. One of those about the nose and mouth he called Leftenant Ann Glorious ; another, Major Triglo-maticus ; and a third, all-nasty. To other muscles, in different parts of the body, he gave the name of Azarias Uvula, Leftenant Moll Pa-late, Scrattus Major Antic, and the like.

Thus the ingenious student went on : sometimes stopping to reason on the nature, or probable meaning of a word ; and then again merely calling over their names as well as his talent at guessing would permit.

“ I snaggers ! ” said he, “ what a sight of ologies there is ! There’s oysterology, and my-ology, and spankology, and I don’t know how many more. But, faith, I’ll not study spankolo-gy ; I had enough of that from Master Spanka-way, before I was ten ye’r old, to last me one lifetime.

“ Of all the queer words that ever any body

see, here's the queerest. I b'lieve if they'd hunted the dixenary, and the spelling book, and all other books from eend to eend, they could'n't a found half so many. What can be the use of such all-fired hard words? I suppose though its merely to prevent common folks from understanding them. Now here's bussy coey, perry-o-steam, cruel ligaments, and smellmilunar cart-legs. And then there's the false endurable matter, and the pious matter. I spose mother's head, and Parson Longgrace's is chock full of that. And then here's the he-patty's duck. That's curious, any how! Patty's a woman's name. How then can it be *ke*. He-patty! But I dare say the duck's a drake. And then here's another strange duck. Let me see—duck-called-docus-common, Then here's the thrashing duck, and—but no matter; I've had enough of ducks for one day."

From the consideration of ducks, as he called them, the student next took a turn along the intestinal canal. "Here," said he, "is the pile-over-us, the duoddleum, the gingerum, and the seekum. And then here's the colon! Who would a thought there was stops and marks in a person's insides? I suppose I shall find the comma and the semicolon by and by; and may be the period. That'll be a full stop; and when I come to that, I'll quit."

Indeed the student was now very desirous to

come to the period, for he was beginning to get weary, having never before kept his eyes upon a book so long at one sitting. But the sort of period of which he was thinking, was not to be found ; and he was about introducing one to suit himself, when he was called to dinner.

He boarded and lodged in the family of Doctor Whistlewind, which, besides the doctor himself, consisted of Mrs. Whistlewind and the three daughters before mentioned. The good lady herself made no special pretensions to gentility ; but the daughters accounted themselves among the very best in Toppingtown. There were, in their estimation, but three other families of equal rank ; to wit, those of Mr. Brownwig, the parson ; Mr. Warranty, the lawyer ; and Squire Roundy, the Justice of Peace, who likewise was chief merchant of the place, and dealt in all sorts of goods, from a cambric needle to a hogs-

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The names of Doctor Whistlewind's daughters were rather singular, having been selected according to the taste of the doctor himself, and smacking in no small degree of his professional humors. The first was called Absynthia Dulcis, which, by a liberal interpretation, would signify Sweet Wormwood. The second was named Canella Alba, which is the denomination of a certain spicy and stimulating drug, well known to apothecaries. While the third received the

euphonious appellation of **Cortex Incalculanda**, which Doctor Whistlewind no doubt intended should be an incalculably curious name.

The doctor had never studied a word of Latin in his life. But, from the labels which accompanied his medicines from the druggists', he had picked up here and there a word, which he did not fail to make the most of ; altering, adding thereto, and twisting into the most ludicrous shapes imaginable. His Latin names, however, availed his daughters but little, for, when brought into use, they were cut down, curtailed, and changed, into plain **Synthy**, **Canell**, and **Texy**.

As to the personal qualities of these young ladies, there was nothing very remarkable either way. They were neither the prettiest nor the ugliest girls in town. **Absynthia Dulcis** had thin lips and a sharp nose ; **Canella Alba** had thick lips and a pug nose ; while **Cortex Incalculanda** had thin lips and a twisted nose. The first was slender as a crane ; the second plump as a partridge ; and the third musical as a whipporwill. **Synthy** had black hair, **Canell** white, and **Texy** red ; and neither of them was courted.

I have been thus particular in describing these young ladies, partly because they were the daughters of Doctor Whistlewind ; partly because I had already spoken of them, when they ran into the apothecary's shop along with their mo-

ther, and seeing the young student in the hands of the skeleton, ran out again ; but chiefly because they made a part of the family of which Dodimus had now become a member. And I considered it but meet that the reader should have a passing acquaintance with such persons as the young man was about to eat his meat withal.

The dinner consisted of baked beans, fat pork, brown bread, pickles, and cider, to which was added a baked Indian pudding. Perhaps I should not say added ; for the pudding was eaten first. In this respect the family of Doctor Whistlewind did no more than follow the custom of those around them, who never, as the fashion now is, postponed the eating of pudding to that of meats and vegetables ; but wisely swallowed the first, while there was yet room ; and thus, not only made sure of its enjoyment ; but, by its means, formed as it were a soft cushion, whereon the succeeding articles might rest during the process of digestion.

Doctor Whistlewind was not at home, when operations on the pudding first commenced ; and nothing worthy of special remark took place during their continuance. Mrs. Whistlewind indeed congratulated the student on his having escaped with so little harm from the skeleton ; and the Miss Whistlewind's declared *they should have died outright, had it been*

their case ; they wouldn't touch the bones of a man for all the world !

Dody would rather this subject had not been broached just in pudding time ; because the loss of a minute on such an occasion is apt to be more severely felt than that of an hour in the common concerns of life. However, as it did not take away his appetite, so he was firmly resolved it should not for a moment stay his hand. He was usually blessed with that, which kings and nobles would sometimes be ready to give their crowns and coronets to purchase ; namely, the ability of doing justice to that which was set before him. And in the present case his appetite had lost nothing of its usual capacity ; but was rather improved by his encounter with Bruising Jock, or by his very active exertions in the study of anatomy.

As they were about winding up the discussion of the pudding, Doctor Whistlewind arrived. Dody had a few mouthfuls on his plate, which he was shovelling in with vigor, when the doctor entered, and seeing how well his student was at work, exclaimed—

“ Ha, young man ! hard at it, I see. Bruising Jock hasn't taken off your appetite.”

“ No, rot his bones !” returned Dody, speaking through a mouthful of pudding, “ I wasn't a *going* to lose my dinner, because I had a *battle* with a *notomy*. I'm not such a fool as

that." Thus saying, he shovelled in the last mouthful ; and the pork and beans were introduced.

" I'm glad," said Doctor Whistlewind, " to perceive that you don't mind small matters, such as being knocked down by a skeleton."

" Oh, now, Doctor Whistlewind, don't speak of it, I beg on you," returned the youth imploringly, who seeing the pork and beans come on, had no desire to lose a moment upon the subject of the dry bones ; " it is'nt a proper object of discussion, when a body has any thing of greater circumstance to attend to."

" Well said, young man!" replied the doctor ; " I see plainly you understand a thing or two, and keep sight of the main chance. Well, that's the way, my lad, to get along through this world. Never mince the matter, nor lose a minute in pudding time for any small trifle. When patients call, you must attend to 'em, dinner or no dinner. We disciples of Slapsclapius can't always enjoy our regular meals and our night's sleep, like other men. We must up and out ; and then eat and sleep, when we can catch it. Howsomever, when we do get a chance, we can make up for lost time. Here, Texy, draw another mug of cider.

" I'm glad to perceive, young man," continued the doctor, " that you have the foundation of the matter in you. A man, that can eat his allow-

ance under all circumstances, is the very one to make his way in the world. He's fit for the most gigantic undertakings, of which the practice of physic and surgery are the most extraneous. A great many things happen to us disciples of Slapselapius, to spoil our appetite ; such as probing wounds, dressing ulcers, lancing ab-squashes, and —”

“ Faugh !” interrupted Mrs. Whistlewind, “ I wonder you will talk of such things, doctor, when we're at meals ; it's enough to turn the stomach of the old cat.” And laying down her knife and fork, she suddenly rose from the table.

“ I believe pa thinks every body's stomach is as strong as his'n,” said Synthy ; and she followed her mother.

The other daughters followed their mother and sister. Dody suspected his appetite was failing ; and if he did not follow the example of the females, he at least laid down his knife and fork, and stayed the operation of his jaws.

“ What ! young man,” said the doctor, “ I hope you're not going to quit yet. You must get over this girl's squamishness if you ever expect to be a doctor.”

“ Why, I suppose,” returned the student, “ I shall by and by, unless the squamish portion of my os trumpery is too large.”

“ Your os trumpery !” said the doctor, “ what kind of trumpery is that ?”

"How should I know," said the student, "what kind of trumpery it is? I'm sartin of one thing though, I read of it in the notomy book this very forenoon. It's divided into two portions: the squamish portion, and Peter's portion."

"Peter's nonsense!" exclaimed the doctor; "come, finish your dinner. I'll answer for it, that before you're twenty years older, you'll forget all about your squamish portion, and the rest of your trumpery, and be able to eat any thing and every thing whatsomever, whether dead or alive."

## CHAPTER XIX.

*Letter from Dodimus—Answer to the Same—Operations of the Shop—The Student accompanying his Master—Popular Remarks Respecting him—A Man known by his Horse—Demeanor in a Sick Room—Examining a Patient—Sage Remarks on the Nature of the Case—Tincture of Tusslemagundi—Its Remarkable Effects—Reflections on a Dead Patient—An Important Principle inculcated.*

MRS. DUCKWORTH had charged her son, before his departure, to write to her as often as circumstances would permit. There was then no post-office either in Toppingtown or Cornbury; and all letters between the two places were obliged to depend on private conveyance. The events of the three last days had been of so novel and important a character, that Dodimus felt a strong desire to give his mother some account of them. Fortunately Doctor Whistlewind was sent for to visit a patient in Cornbury, within half a mile of Mr. Duckworth's; and Dody, on the second day of his residence in Toppingtown, sat down to write the following letter :

"TOPPENTOWN APRIL THE 20ETH 17—

TO

**Mrs. LIZZYBETH DUCKWORTH**

No moor at \* \* I

\* \* \* \*

your \* \* Sun

## DODIMUS DUCKWORTH."

The above, so far as I have been able to make it out, is a literal transcript of the original, which is still carefully preserved by one of the descendants of Dodimus, now residing in Toppingtown, from whom I obtained leave to copy it.

—which I did with my own hand, preserving throughout the original spelling, as far as it could be ascertained.

But I regret exceedingly to state, that, owing to the singular chirography, I have been unable to decipher the whole letter, though assisted by three very acute lawyers; and that I have been fain to resort to asterisks to supply the deficiency—since no congregation of *stars*, however brilliant, can throw the least light on what is wanting of the original.

Two days after the letter of Dodimus was sent, Doctor Whistlewind, who still continued to visit his patient in Cornbury, brought back an answer from the mother. That, as well as the letter of the son, is preserved by the relation abovementioned, who, as I just now said, is still residing in Toppingtown. Mrs. Duckworth's epistle ran thus :

“ CORNBERRY APRIL YE 22d 17—

DODIMUS DUCKWORTH

DEAR SON

I receaved yourn by the hands of Docter Whistlewind who vizits one or more patience in this ere naberhood—some says one and some says too—but theres no gittin at the truth when people is sick, they prep a gate so mennys—  
I was overbejoyed to heer you was in goed helth and able to eat your allowants—for if a

body cant eat they ant fit for nothin they re  
wurse than ded people because you can berry  
them and theres an eend on em—But I was as-  
tonnished to heer that you was too days ridin  
10 mile and with your knew hoss two—I cant  
possibly conseave hough you cood loose your  
way which I thot you knowed as well as the way  
to the barn—I'm glad your ready to take your  
oun part on all occashuns—but want it marvel-  
lus strange about a ded Notomy saltin on you—  
I shood a thot youd ben scart to Deth—What  
motive cood it a had for abuziu a studdent of  
Meddicin—but I'm Thankfull to God you es-  
caped with your life I'm shure I never shood—  
Parson Longgrace has had a stroak of Apple-  
xley and they sent for docter Lawrence—I told  
em they was fooles for doin it and that he'd die  
as shure as he lived and that they ort to go rite  
off for Doctor Whistlewind—but they wood have  
their oun way and the parson has got over it in  
spite on em—but he'll never have but too more  
and then he'll go the way of all the airth and we  
shal have to git a knew minister—Mrs. Birch-  
berd has had too twins a boy and a gall sence  
you went away and tis'nt above a yeer sence she  
had too more—I havnt no furder knews at pre-  
sent eksept to inform you that I'm well and hep  
these few lines will find you Injoin the saim  
heavenly blessin and charge you over and over

agin not to spile your eyes nor hurt yourself  
with harde studdy—

with this benefaction  
I supperscribe myself your  
Ever loving and Infecktionate  
Mother untill Deth do us  
part ELIZABETH DUCKWORTH—”

It is not necessary, neither is it my design minutely to follow the subject of these memoirs through his daily occupations, and that for two reasons : in the first place, it would swell my book to an inconvenient size; and in the second, it would not be interesting to the reader, especially when the employments of one day happen to be the same, or very nearly the same, as those of the days that preceded it.

In the country towns where the population is too sparse for a very minute division of labor, one man is oftentimes obliged to perform many parts ; and the physician must generally act as his own apothecary. The compounding and preparation of medicines constitute a large part of his home labor, unless he happens to have one or more students in his shop, in which case this labor mostly devolves upon them.

It was a part of the business of Dody to exercise the pestle. Having weighed out or measured the various drugs according to the directions of his master, he had to perform the operations of beating, bruising, grinding, levigation,

and mixture ; the division into potions and powders ; the making of boluses and pills ; the preparation of unguents and tinctures ; and all the different operations which are requisite to fit the materials of the shop for the saddlebags of the doctor, and for the use of his patients.

But Dodimus was not long confined to the shop. He soon began to accompany the doctor in his professional visits. In this way he was to acquire the art of healing ; and this suited him, in every respect, much better than the study of books. He liked the exercise of riding ; and he was fond of the opportunity of showing his horse, and himself on his back. Besides it was an honor, that few could aspire to, to ride beside Doctor Whistlewind. He seemed in some measure to share the doctor's glory ; and the light of public admiration, that fell upon the master, shed a portion of its rays upon the student.

“ There goes Doctor Whistlewind !” exclaimed one ; “ and there goes his 'prentice !” added another. They admired the doctor for his great skill and illustrious name ; and they admired Dody for being the pupil of so renowned a master.

“ Who is that-are young fellow ?” said one, soon after the student began to accompany his master on his professional visits.

“ I don't know who he is,” said another ;

" but he's a blamenation smart fellow, let him be who he will. Don't you see how he rides ?"

" To be sure I do," returned the first. " And only see how he sets on his horse !"

" I see that," said the second, " he sets up so straight, the back of his head very nearly touches his horse's tail."

" It does, I swaggers," said a third. " And then see too what a horse he's got under him ! A man may always be known by his horse."

" Then perhaps," said a fourth, " you can tell who the student is ?"

" Now don't go for to take me up afore I'm down," said the third, rather vexed at the turn given to his expression ; " what I mean is, that a man's character and consequence is known by his horse."

" I suppose then if you were as well mounted as young Duckworth there, you'd—"

What sarcastic observation the last speaker was about to make, can now never be known, for he was interrupted by the first, who exclaimed, " is his name Duckworth ?"

" I understand so," returned the other.

" Well," said the first, with an exceedingly wise and prophetic air, " he'll make an everlasting smart doctor, now take my word for it."

Such were some of the popular remarks as Dodimus was seen riding along ; and the notice of spectators was highly gratifying to the youth,

insomuch that on such occasions he never failed to put on his most important airs ; to sit on his steed considerably more than perpendicular ; and to spread out his legs so as nearly to touch the fence on each side of the way.

When in the sick room he put on a most edifying gravity ; felt the patient's pulse with a very knowing air ; and wisely shook his head on all proper occasions. While the patient was detailing his symptoms, the student watched the eye of his master, and ever and anon gave a wink or a nod, as much as to say—That's bad ! That's dangerous !—or, That looks a little better ; That's favorable ; and so on.

“ This pulse is very actyve,” said the doctor one day.

“ Oh, very actyve indeed,” echoed the student, as he applied his fingers to the wrist of the patient.

“ It beats two hundred a minute,” said the doctor.

“ Oh, more than that,” said the student ; “ it beats three hundred at least.”

“ In fact, its too quick to be counted,” said the doctor.

“ There's no accounting for it,” returned the student.

“ There's a very considerable consultus *ten dinum*,” said the doctor.

"The counsellor's tending-um is quite remarkable," said the student."

"The skin is hot and dry," said the master.

"It's as dry as oven-wood," said the pupil.

"The tongue is covered with a black fur," said the master, after directing the poor patient to run out his organ of speech, now almost speechless.

"It's as black as my napped hat," said the pupil.

Then retiring a little, out of hearing of the patient, the doctor continued—"He won't live twenty-four hours, unless he gets sudden help."

"He wont live twenty-four minutes," returned the student, "help, or no help."

"We must give him something powerful," said the doctor, "or he'll go to the devil."

"Sartainly," said the student, "we must give him something powerful, and let him go to the devil."

"He must have a dose that'll kill or cure," said the doctor, as he unbuckled his saddlebags.

"That's true," returned the student, "he must either be killed or cured, and darned suple too."

"He must have some tincter of tusslemagundi," said the doctor, taking out a vial.

"That'll give him a tussle, if any thing will," said the student.

Having dealt out some liquid medicine, the

true title and composition of which are unfortunately not on record, Doctor Whistlewind departed, and his student followed after.

The next day they called to see the patient ; and on inquiring after his health, were informed he died within an hour after taking the tussle-magundi drops.

“I told you they’d give him a tussle, if any thing would,” said Dodimus, turning a knowing look upon the doctor.

“Well,” returned the doctor, with great professional resignation, “the poor fellow’s gone. I was sure nothing but the tincture of tussle-magundi could save him. That was the last resort.”

“Yes,” said the student, catching something of the prudent resignation of his master, “that was the last retort ; the tusslemagumption was the only sartain cure, and the poor fellow’s gone in spite of it.”

“We’re all mortal,” said the doctor, taking a pinch of snuff.

“That’s true,” said the student, tapping his own box.

“Even Slapsclapius can’t save us,” added the doctor, “when the hour has come.”

“No, nor no other sargeant,” returned the pupil. “It’s a gone case then.”

“And we’d better go too,” said the doctor. “It’s a great pity,” continued he, after they

had left the house, " that the poor fellow died so soon. He'll never be of any further use to the doctors. And this reminds me, young man, of one important principle which I wish to inculcate ; and that is, never to send your patient out of the world unnecessarily ; and for this very cogent reason, that, when he is once fairly gone, there is no more chance of doctoring him ; and, of course, your bill comes to an end."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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